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BURIED TREASURES.

BY E. H. BROWNE.

'Tis true my later years are blest
With all that riches can bestow,
But there is wealth, wealth cannot buy,
Hid in the mines of "Long Ago."

There jealous guard does Memory keep:
Yet sometimes, when I dream alone,
She comes and takes my hand in hers,
And shows me what was once my own.

I revel 'mong such precious things:
I count my treasures o'er and o'er:
I learn the worth of some, whose worth,
Ah me! I never knew before.

And then all slowly fades away,
And I return to things you know,
With empty hands and tear-filled eyes,
Back from the mines of "Long Ago."

With Blinded Eyes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III

THE days passed on quietly until the end of August. The Carbutts came very often to River View, but there was no more talk of dinner or of any other parties.

Charley Leicester was allowed to follow his own inclinations without interference, and when Mrs. Wyoming and her daughter and niece returned their friends' visits he was not pressed to accompany them.

No fresh visitors were introduced at River View, and Charley declined Mrs. Carbutt's invitations without question or protest on her part, as though she comprehended his feelings.

Rowena could not look with friendly eyes on Young Dolph Carbutt, who had dared to profit by the misfortunes of a man so much his superior, and he soon discovered her dislike, and returned it heartily; but that troubled the girl very little as few men looked upon her favorably, and she was always prepared for their indifference.

Young Carbutt was not so much with Pattie after the conversation that Rowena had had with her aunt, and went away for a week, which confirmed Rowena's belief that Mrs. Wyoming had spoken a word of warning to his mother which had duly passed on to him.

But he came back again, which, after all, was only what could be expected, as Mrs. Wyoming explained to her niece, in one of the half-confidential moments which she now and then had with her since that talk in the dining-room over Pattie and her lovers.

The Carbutts, like themselves, had let their own house in London, and so Dolph had no other home to go to at present, "and it was not desirable to discourage a young man from the habit of living with his own family, except on very extreme grounds." Thus aunt Annie put it, and Rowena was compelled to agree with her.

The time drew near for Charley Leicester to go up to town to see the doctor again, not that he or any of them entertained hope; but the physician had expressed a desire to see him at any rate once more, and it was a satisfaction to feel that everything that could be done was done.

Pattie accompanied him to the junction, about twenty miles distant, where he had to change trains.

At Paddington he would be met and taken charge of by the manager of his factory at Nottingham, a distant cousin of his own, who would probably buy the concern of him before long, since it was not necessary for Leicester to continue in business amid such difficulties.

The two young men were to go together to the doctor's their meeting forming an opportunity of talking over business matters, and Leicester would not return until the next morning, when Pattie would again go to the junction to meet him.

The day of the blind man's absence was taken advantage of for a pic-nic down the river with the Carbutts, winding up with a supper at their house.

* * * * * * *

Nine o'clock struck the next morning, and no pretty Pattie stood at the hall-door, ready to go and meet her lover.

Mrs. Wyoming and Rowena were both down-stairs, and breakfast was not ready. They had been so late the night before that the servants had over-slept themselves, and everything was behind-hand.

"Whatever is to be done?" exclaimed Mrs. Wyoming, coming into the breakfast-room again, after a journey up-stairs to her daughter's apartment. "Pattie is only just out of bed; she can't possibly be ready—and somebody must be there!"

"Shall I go, aunt?" said Rowena nervously, not liking the idea. "I suppose I could guide him."

"Of course you could! I wish you would go, my dear child—I should be so grateful! If I had known how things would be I could have gone myself, but now could not be ready in time."

"I wont be a minute getting my hat," said Rowena briskly.

"But, my dear, you've had no breakfast!"

"Never mind that, aunt. I'll get some coffee and a bun at the restaurant, while I am waiting for his train to come in."

She ran up stairs in her old way, new restraints forgotten in her hurry, Mrs. Wyoming put her hands to her head and wondered if this sharp, kind, odd niece of hers would ever get civilized.

Rowena came down again, her large unbecoming hat on one side, a shabby pair of green-silk gloves dangling from her hand against her blue striped dress.

Mrs. Wyoming kissed her with unusual warmth, and refrained from criticism—there was no time, and it really mattered little what dear Rowena wore—she could hardly make herself look any worse, and her appearance could not offend poor Charley's fastidious taste now.

Rowena caught the train, and was standing on the platform at the junction as the long line of carriages glided in with a steaming engine at their head.

She had seen Leicester in one of the first-class compartments, turning his head towards the window as the name of the station was called out, as though he could see Pattie awaiting him amid the crowd. Rowena sprang to the carriage-door, which he had already opened.

"Mr. Leicester!" she said quickly, laying her hand upon his arm to let him know her whereabouts.

She had decided to call him by name before she said anything else, to prevent the possibility of his mistaking her voice for Pattie's.

However, the Fates seemed perverse. He turned his head quickly as his name was pronounced, and then, taking the hand she had laid upon his sleeve, felt his way down the high step on to the platform without speaking.

When he was safe on level ground, drawing her arm within his, he said, in a low tone—

"What do you call me that for, Pattie? Is that the way you have chosen to tell me that——"

"It is I, Mr. Leicester—Rowena—not Pattie," she hastened to say. "Pattie was not up in time—we were out late last night—and I happened to be down-stairs—and there was no one else to go. I was afraid you would be disappointed, but it couldn't be helped!"

She was breathless at the end of her broken explanation. He did not look either so vexed or disappointed as she had feared—indeed he seemed rather relieved; and she understood why when he said—

"I thought, when I heard that 'Mr. Leicester,' that she had changed her mind—you know what about—during my absence, and had taken that way of announcing it to me. I thought——"

"She wouldn't be so cruel," broke in Rowena, cheerfully. "Why, even if she could ever do such a thing at all—which she couldn't, I am sure—that would be the most horribly cruel way of telling you that any one could possibly hit upon!"

"You think it would come easier sitting on a cushioned easy-chair at home," he commented, with a melancholy smile.

No more was said beyond what was absolutely necessary, until they were seated in the train for Ealee.

"Did your cousin meet you, according to your arrangements?" Rowena asked then, turning to him and noticing a shade of depression on his face.

She wanted to talk—to make him a little more cheerful by the time he should meet Pattie.

"Oh, yes!" he answered listlessly; and again there was a silence, the dejection in his tone and manner warning her against being too persistently cheerful.

After a few moments pause he said—

"There is no hope. I needn't go to him any more."

She understood that he spoke of the doctor. She was not at all surprised at the verdict; nobody could have entertained hope from anything in the doctor's manner at the previous interview—unless, as it now seemed, the patient had clung despairingly to the fact of the doctor's desire to see him again.

Rowena did not know what to say for the moment, feeling so strongly as she did that no sympathy would be adequate. But she could not keep silent, and she let fall the words that had sprung to her lips, since no better would come.

"I am so sorrow for you; but Heaven will give you strength to bear it."

Leicester turned to her as though in surprise.

"Pattie has been given to you to help you to bear it," she added, as if in proof of her statement.

His head dropped again at that.

"Ah—Pattie! That must be all over now. I can't expect it of her—such a sacrifice!"

"How often must we tell you that it is no sacrifice?" she replied cheerfully.

"But now——"

"It will make no difference to her. She had no hope—nobody has had any—since the doctor's opinion given on your former visit."

"I suppose I was the only fool," he said gloomily. "But you know a drowning man catches at a straw, and I confess that I had some hope, and therefore did not press the breaking off of our engagement as I should otherwise have done. But now I shall speak to her again about it."

"You can," said Rowena composedly, "but you will find it of no use."

Her cold assurance had a more inspiring effect upon him than any amount of attempted consolation.

A look of deep tenderness stole over the blind man's face; he lapsed into silence; and she, watching him without fear, thought that now and then his lips softened to a smile under the dark moustache.

Not that he had thus easily forgotten his new and bitter misfortune, for at times his face darkened with a deeper shadow than Rowena had yet seen it wear—which gave her some idea of the state to which despondency and blighted hope might bring a man of his nature.

She longed to be able to show him how to be able to avoid all this and to teach him a new way of life which her buoyant mind was already suggesting.

She could not help knowing that Pattie, with all her sweetness and patience and gentleness, had not her capabilities, and was perhaps more attractive without them; only a time was coming now when they might be more useful than sweetness of temper.

Pattie and her mother were both waiting on the Ealee platform. Leicester greeted them quietly, but with more pleasure than Rowena had dared to hope for.

When they got home he proceeded to his room for a change of clothes, and the three women also went up-stairs to take off their outdoor garments.

Pattie thanked her cousin for taking her place, and Rowena hastily disclaimed thanks, hardly knowing what was being said to her, or what she was answering, her mind being full of Leicester and his fresh disappointment.

While she was wondering whether she should repeat anything he had said to her or not, her aunt decided the question by coming into the room and saying—

"Well, has he told you the doctor's opinion? We have had no chance to hear anything yet."

Pattie appeared in the doorway, wiping her hands on a bath-towel, her blue eyes mildly expressive of interest.

"Yes; he said there was no hope," answered Rowena, brushing her hair hastily without looking at the dressing-glass, because she could never bear the sight of her own face and fiery looks when Pattie was in view, little as she troubled herself in a general away about appearances.

"Of course not!" returned Mr. Wyoming somewhat gloomily, yet with the superior air that people are apt to assume when their own opinions are confirmed. "I never thought there was hope. Well, well, it's a dreary prospect"—sighing thoughtfully as she leaned back in the chair she had taken.

"It is, aunt," Rowena agreed. "Poor fellow, it must be dreadful for him!"

"And not him only," supplemented Mrs. Wyoming sharply.

"Oh, mamma dear, I shall not mind!" murmured Pattie deprecatingly.

"I know you would not!" said Rowena warmly, turning to her cousin, "I told him so, when he talked of having to give you up on account of it."

"You told him so!" echoed Mrs. Wyoming drily. "On whose authority, pray?"

"Why—why," began Rowena, in bewilderment and astonishment, "I—I thought—I——"

"Shut the door, Pattie, commanded Mrs. Wyoming. "On whose authority, I wish to know, Rowena?"

"Aunt, I never thought about anybody's authority!" in amazement. "I knew Pattie cared for him, and that was enough—at least I thought it was!"

"You should not think—you should not be quite sure. One cannot be too cautious in giving an opinion on the affairs of another."

"But, aunt, you don't mean—nobody ever said——" Rowena paused helplessly,

with the brush in her hand.

"No; nothing has been said, because I have been unable to make up my mind as to what would be best for Pattie; but I know she is a good and obedient child, and would not think of setting her will against mine, even if it should cause her a little pain and regret in the present. But of course I never thought that while I was keeping silence you were making promises and protestations in my daughter's behalf."

Rowena was tender-hearted, although uncouth; she was accustomed to schoolgirl jests and jibes, fearless in fighting her own battles or other people's, but she was quite unused to scolding, since most of her duties had been pleasures to her, and the rest had always been conscientiously performed.

She was aghast at her aunt's sudden crushing displeasure, evinced in sour looks and freezing tones as well as in words.

"Have I done wrong, aunt Annie?" she stammered at last. "I—I didn't mean to."

"You should have left the matter entirely alone," returned Mrs. Wyoming.

"Oh, mamma, don't scold her!" interposed Pattie, going first to her mother, and then turning to kiss Rowena. "I am sure she has done it for the best—she is so good!"

The soft touch of the sweet lips on Rowena's cheek, the gentle arms put affectionately about her, reassured her somewhat against the fear that had taken possession of her since her aunt's last speech.

Such a gentle and kindly being as this could not prove false—could not be cruel enough to darken further the already saddened life of the man who loved her, who had offered her his all when no such sad shadow hung over him.

A girl like Pattie was just the one to cling tenderly and persistently to him she loved all her life long, and but the more closely in misfortune.

Rowena's troubled brow cleared a little.

"Tell us what you have said or done," said Mrs. Wyoming, scarcely able to conceal her impatience.

"Nothing, aunt, except that at different times—not more than twice or three times—when he seemed very low-spirited, and feared that Pattie would tire of him, I said I was sure she would not—she would care for him even more, very likely. I was only anxious to comfort him—and I knew what I said was true"—with a confident glance at Pattie.

But her cousin had turned away, and was standing looking at the floor, one pretty dimpled hand at her chin, a perfect picture of sweet maidenly uncertainty.

"It seems you thought only of his comfort, and not of Pattie's at all," rejoined aunt Annie. "You did not think of Pattie's life, shut up with a blind man and unable to go out into the society which is always so charmed with her—spent in waiting on his whims and indulging his fancies. I mean no unkindness to him"—this in reply to Rowena's look—"a blind man is an invalid, more or less, with small peculiarities which spoil life for other people. Somebody must wait upon him, of course—somebody must bear with him—but not my daughter, who is everywhere admired, who might choose from half a dozen!"

Rowena turned to look sorrowfully at her cousin.

Pattie was glancing from one to the other, her eyebrows raised deprecatingly, her lips puckered.

"Now I suppose you will think, Rowena, that we are all selfishness," continued Mrs. Wyoming severely. "As for me, I confess that I am unwilling to see my daughter's life utterly blighted for the sake of a man who is nothing to me—I confess it, and am ready to bear the blame. But as to Pattie, she has nothing to do with it—she is content to do as I tell her."

"But she must have feelings—thoughts—of her own!" exclaimed Rowena, in helpless protest. "Pattie"—turning to her cousin again—"are you unwilling? Would it blight your life, as aunt says? Could you not find your life's work and blessing in helping and cheering the one you love and who loves you?"

Pattie began to cry, and her mother became impatient.

"Her life's work!" she repeated contemptuously. "You talk as if she were a general servant, Rowena! Look at her—look at my daughter—and tell me if you think she was made for work—for a weary daily round of self-imposed duty? Some people are made for such tasks. All I can say is that my daughter is not, and I have finally decided not to allow her to perform them. This will be the best opportunity of making my resolution known, since Mr. Leicester is again going to offer Pattie her freedom."

Rowena felt that it was of no use saying any more when her aunt spoke like that. But she wondered why, since they had never entertained any hope of Leicester's recovery, the engagement had been permitted to go on thus far, when he had afforded them other opportunities of retiring as gracefully as possible from the situation.;

"But—what will he do?" she said looking from one to the other, as though for help or counsel—neither of which she seemed likely to get, for Mrs. Wyoming still sat sternly in judgment upon her, and Pattie's face was now averted.

"Oh, he will be all right!" answered Mrs. Wyoming carelessly. "It may be a little disappointment to him at first, but he will soon forget it. He grows more wrapped up in himself every day. Still, its a great pity that he should not profit by all this compassion. We thought our own sympathy was ample, but yours quite surpasses it. What puzzles me is that you seem to have none for Pattie, whom you would condemn to a life utterly distasteful to her for the sake of sparing Mr. Leicester pain."

"No, [aunt—not that. I never thought that she would not wish it herself. It was what—what I thought I should have wished in the same circumstances"—stammering and blushing painfully under Mrs. Wyoming's keen gaze. "Far from wishing to sacrifice her," she went on after a brief pause, "I would do a great deal—anything, almost—to save her trouble, or to add to her pleasure. I love her better than anyone else in the world, aunt Annie!"

Mrs. Wyoming's eyes suddenly sparkled; she sat for a few moments regarding her niece attentively, her figure straightened, her head held erect, her whole bearing suddenly altered, as if a new idea had occurred to her.

"Now is the time to prove your affection, then," she said at last.

"Now?" repeated Rowena, in bewilderment.

"Now. You could do much for her now, if you chose, and save her a great deal of unpleasantness"—Rowena stared and Pattie turned round and looked wonderingly at her mother—"not to speak of sparing Mr. Leicester that disappointment you are deploring," Mrs. Wyoming proceeded, apparently unmoved by the sensation she was creating. "What do you think, now, of playing benefactress to both of them at once?"—drily. "I should imagine that such a course would be entirely agreeable to your philanthropic inclinations."

"Aunt Annie, what can you mean?" exclaimed Rowena.

"You think that he is so much to be pitied, and that we don't pity him enough—you think a life might be sacrificed to his whims without a murmur, and that we are too selfish—that Pattie is too fond of pleasure and does not consider him enough. Take her place and fill it better than she has done!"

The spirit with which she spoke—and perhaps another feeling besides—brought a faint glow into Mrs. Wyoming's faded face.

Rowena's cheeks flushed in a moment, though she scarcely conceived the full meaning of her aunt's words.

"Aunt Annie, you are not in earnest! You know he would not—such a thing could never be thought of—even if I——"

"He need never know!"

Rowena held her breath and stared again.

Both she and Mrs. Wyoming seemed to forget or ignore Pattie's presence, though she was certainly as much concerned as any one in what was going on, and stood with parted lips listening eagerly.

"He is always mistaking you for Pattie," Mrs. Wyoming went on, after a pause. "Let him go on making the mistake—if you think you could have more patience with him than we have had, and are so anxious to save him this disappointment—that is all!"

"But, aunt, you cannot mean it—it is impossible—you are joking!" Rowena stammered incredulously.

"I was never more in earnest in my life," returned her aunt, "though the idea has only just occurred to me; and it is, I confess rather startling—until you look at it assembly and quietly."

"Aunt Annie——"

"Now listen to what I have to say, instead of protesting and objecting and behaving like a silly excitable schoolgirl. There is no time to be lost, for I am determined upon ending Pattie's engagement to him. She may do much better for herself—I am convinced of that; and of course I shall study the happiness of my own child before that of a mere acquaintance. The question is, do you care to save him the pain you seem so much to dread for him?"

Rowena again tried eagerly to speak, and again her aunt stopped her imperiously.

"Your voice is so like Pattie's that no one can tell the difference. Your figure is almost the counterpart of hers, though you carry yourself so ill that you lose that advantage; but then he cannot discover that, and if he took your hand or arm or shoulder to guide himself he would not detect the difference from Pattie's. Your manner is certainly very dissimilar; but if you carefully subdue it, and have less to say on the various subjects that come up in general conversation, and remember always to move quietly, and not contradict people, that will not be noticeable. You are a clever girl, Rowena, and I do not mind telling you that I would never propose that Pattie should take your place in such circumstances—she has not your clear strong head, which may now help you over all these small difficulties, if you choose. You have always shown pity upon Mr. Leicester, and seemed to live merely to wait upon his wish. Now that you really can do something for him, let us see how much your compassion is worth!"

"Aunt, I was not pretending! I did—I do pity him!" cried the girl, wrung with the painful intensity of her excited feelings. "But this—this could never be! He would find out, and then—oh, how terrible it would be!"

Pattie had drawn close to them now, and was regarding them with a bitter smile.

Rowena saw it, and wondered how her cousin could smile.

"If you knew for certain that he could not find you out, would you do it?" proceeded Mrs. Wyoming, with her most business-like air.

"Yes," answered the girl soberly, after a short pause, "If it would not be wrong. My life would be well spent in such a task. But then——"

"He will not find you out," interposed her aunt, with decision. "But you can try him before committing yourself to anything. You can go down-stairs and talk to him on different subjects, and if he presently finds that you are Rowena, and not Pattie, you can admit it as a matter of course, showing surprise at his mistake, and the matter will be at an end, he never dreaming that any confusion was intended. No harm will be done. You had better go at once."

"Oh, no—no, I couldn't!" cried Rowena, starting up in fear. "Aunt it is of no use, and such a deception would be cruel—and wicked."

"Just as you like, of course," returned Mrs. Wyoming, with an air of resignation. "But I should have called it a kindness to save the poor fellow the disappointment. If you yourself are not willing, that is another thing. Only in that case speak out, and don't pretend that conscientious scruples deter you from, such an act of charity."

Mrs. Wyoming's lips were curled in an impatient sneer. She certainly had not the best of tempers. But Pattie interfered—pretty blue-eyed caressing Pattie, who was always sweet and unruffled.

"Mamma, dear!" she cried, in gentle deprecation, and came and placed her arm about her cousin's neck. "Mamma doesn't mean to be so cross, Rowena dear; but she has been so worried lately, and all about me. I wish she would'nt—I believe it troubles her more than it does me."

"And will you do it—will you give him up?" said Rowena, gazing up at Pattie, who was leaning over her chair, with a look that would have been eloquently reproachful from any eyes but hers.

"I am going to do what mamma wishes, dear. It was her wish that I should accept him first of all, and now that this has happened, and she thinks that we might not be happy together, I am willing still to obey her. I think she must know better than I do what is good for me."

"You might be three years old!" exclaimed Rowena in a scornful tone. "But you are three months older than I, and you must have feelings—opinions of your own—or haven't you? Don't you care?"

Pattie's lips quivered, and the tears rose in her eyes, as if she were indeed but a three-years-old child, ready to cry at a word, Mrs. Wyoming interposed majestically.

"Pattie is not used to be spoken to like that, Rowena. Everyone has always been kind to her—even you until now. She is not to be blamed because she is good and obedient."

"Forgive me, Pattie," said Rowena impulsively, instantly returning to her habit of indulgence towards and excuse for the gentle girl whom yet, at this crisis, she could not understand; "but I hardly know what I am doing, I am so—so—— Then you really mean to give him up, Pattie?"

"Yes," murmured Pattie, letting her head drop upon her cousin's shoulder, with a sob. "But don't be angry, dear; I—I—if I did not I should displease mamma very much, and I could not bear to do that! Dear Rowena; I thought you loved me and pitied him!"

"And so I do."

"You will do it? Oh, darling, I have dreaded it so—what he would say, and all!"

"She will do it," said Mrs. Wyoming; and, coming over to her niece, she kissed her freckled cheek, while Pattie hung about her cousin in a sudden transport of delight.

"Don't stop to think and get nervous," commanded Mrs. Wyoming, "but go down at once and talk to him about the weather and the boating—anything that either of you might say to him, and be careful not to call him by any name. You will succeed—I am not afraid!"

In spite of her confident tone she looked nervous as she smoothed Rowena's rough red locks.

The girl however did not see that; she was looking down and trembling, absorbed in her own feelings.

"She must have a dress of mine on," said Pattie excitedly, "in case he should touch her. He would know that harsh alpaca was none of mine."

She began hurriedly to unbutton her pretty sailor-dress.

"He knows I was wearing this just now," she went on; "he felt the stuff and said something about its being serge or flannel or something—I forget what—when mamma said it was too warm a dress for the weather. Put it on dear, and—oh, mamma"—with a sudden grave glance at Mrs. Wyoming—"she must have this on her finger"—holding up her white hand, adorned with a diamond ring given to her by Leicester on their engagement.

"Of course," assented Mrs. Wyoming sharply, although there was an expression of fear, almost dismay, on her face.

The ring was put upon Rowena's finger and her dress exchanged for Pattie's almost without her knowledge, for she seemed to be dazed.

Pattie clapped her hands and laughed when the toilette was complete.

"I can't help it," she said apologetically. "I can't believe it—Rowena going to take my place! It seems so—so——"

Mrs. Wyoming did not laugh; she was too much in earnest for that.

"You are ready now," she said. "Go, and we will wait up here. You need not stay with him long."

And Rowena went, in Pattie's pretty dress, with Pattie's engagement-ring flashing on her finger.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLEY LEICESTER was sitting out on the drawing-room verandah in his old position, his hand shading his sightless eyes.

There was something about his dejected attitude that touched Rowena's tender heart. Was it wrong, could it be wrong to save him yet more sorrow?

She was too excited to judge clearly and fairly in her present state of mind, and her aunt would not give her time to cool down and think about it.

She went to the window. Leicester did not seem aware of her entrance.

"Did you think we had been long?" she said, in faint and tremulous tones.

He raised his head at once, and put out his hand as if to clasp hers, but she kept out of his reach.

"No," he replied. Of course I wanted you to come, The others can keep away as long as they like."

"I could not get away before," she said as breathless as though she had been running, the throbbing of her heart interfered so with her speech.

"You need not have hastened so much as that," he said, with a smile. "But, Pattie, sit down here—I have something to say to you. Has your cousin told you that there is no hope for me?"

"Oh—yes," she murmured; "but there is no need to talk about that now, is there? None of us expected that there was any; it is no new disappointment to—any of us."

"Perhaps not; but all the same, I must have a more serious talk with you now than I have yet had about it. This is a good opportunity—where are you, Pattie?—I can't catch hold of you. I want you to sit down here and listen to me."

Mechanically she moved nearer, afraid to disobey.

He caught her sleeve—Pattie's white-serge sleeve—and then slipped his hand down to hers, the left hand, with his ring shining upon it, and thus drew her to the seat by his side; but once there, he relinquished his hold, and did not offer any caress.

He began to tell her what the doctor had said, and to lay before her the disadvantages of a marriage with a helpless blind man—to assure her also that if it did not seem so bad now it probably would by-and-by, when the dull life which he would always have to live had fairly commenced, and she saw what all the years to come would hold.

He said this and much more, but Rowena scarcely heard him.

She was sitting like one in a dream, gazing vacantly at the river and the golden sunshine, thinking that though she had said nothing to commit herself, he had called her Pattie and said things that he would not have said to any one but Pattie, and she had not set him right.

She was already beyond the possibility of drawing back. Her aunt could not have thought of that when she arranged the matter up-stairs.

And then a great fear seized the girl lest he should find her out.

She suddenly became conscious that he had ceased speaking, and was waiting for her reply.

"It does not make any difference—all that you have been telling me," she said, having gathered a general vague idea of the arguments he had been urging during her preoccupation. "I am not afraid—I shall not get tired. I mean to keep to you—unless you, on your part, are tired, and would rather break off the engagement."

"You must know that could not be," he returned, in a tone of gentle reproach. "But, if you will put my feelings entirely out of the question while deciding this matter, I promise that you shall not be troubled with them at any future time."

"If I were to put your feelings out of the question, I could not do the same with my own," she answered, quite naturally, and yet as simply as Pattie herself would have spoken—nothing else occurred to her to say. "And if you give me my choice, I choose to keep to you. I am not afraid of anything, and I will not give you up."

She was afraid the next moment, for Leicester suddenly clasped her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

It was something new in her experience—and terrible, too, seeing that he was not a man whom she loved, but only the object of her pity—the victim of her base deception.

"Oh, don't!" she murmured faintly, in spite of herself, and then instantly feared detection through her cold reception of his caresses.

Oddly enough however Leicester did not seem surprised at her failure to respond, but rather appeared to blame himself for his ardor.

"I was too rough," he said, relaxing his clasp, but still holding her within his arm; "but you made me love you so when you said that, Pattie—though I don't like to take you at your word."

"You may," she rejoined quietly, checking her natural impulsiveness. "I shall not alter."

"I must speak to your mother, and hear what she has to say."

"She has already been consulted, and you will find her of my opinion."

She could not have thus schooled herself to speak mildly and coolly had she guessed that his reply would be another fervent kiss.

"There—I suppose I am tumbling your collar again," he said half ruefully the next moment, released her. "But if you will be so sweet, Pattie—— I think I never loved you as I do to-day—and certainly I have reason!"

Rowena was glad that her aunt and cousin were not present to hear that speech. She was astonished at two things in it—that the proud, strong, clever man should seem so afraid of incurring his gentle sweetheart's displeasure by crumpling her collar, and that her awkward attempts to personate Pattie should have met with such success.

He kept his arm about her while he went on talking, and she sat still by his side, not daring to look at him, through a superstitious fear, born of over-wrought nerves, that he might suddenly see, and find that it was her face, and not Pattie's.

"After I have talked to your mother," he said—"if it really is as you say, and she is willing to let things go on between us—I shall want to stipulate for a year more of waiting before our marriage, in order that you may have a fair trial, and be sure that you can put up with such a troublesome fellow as I must be to all who have anything to do with me"—and again he sighed deeply and heavily.

Rowena could hardly bear to hear him.

She wanted to say something bright and cheering in her own animated way.

How was she to go on restraining all her natural impulses in orde to be like Pattie, when she felt that she could do him more by departing from that course and adopting her own? Another thing frightened her horribly, filling her with a nervous dread. She had been forced into this too suddenly to have time to think of anything but the difficulties of the moment, and the thought of marrying Leicester had never entered her mind until now, when he mentioned it.

She could not—she never could! Where was the use of carrying this on only to disappoint him in the end?

Yet how was he to escape from this net in which her feet were already so deeply entangled?

Then another thought flashes across her mind, and gave relief. It might never come to that—he might die, or she might; or, if he did not discover the deception, he might grow gradually dissatisfied with her—since she certainly could not be very much like Pattie, try as she would—and then he would be glad to break off the engagement.

She would not look too far ahead, and in a year's time he might be much stronger and more cheerful—much better able than now to bear trouble and disappointment.

"Oh, I am in no hurry about that!" she observed quietly. "Though not because I think you will be a trouble. People will get more used to you every day, and you to them. I don't think you will always mind it as much as you do now."

"I wish I could think with you!" he sighed.

"Now I must go up-stairs again. Mamma,"—hesitatingly—"mamma told me not to stay long. She wants—she will be wondering why I do not go to her."

"Very well, then."

But before she was allowed to go she had to submit to more kisses and caresses, which she could well imagine would be sweet to a girl who loved him, but which she shrank from with a sense of unworthiness.

How he would cast her off if he knew!

"It isn't often I get you alone now," he said, as at last he let her go, and she escaped, a deal surprised at his demonstrativeness.

He had always appeared to be a haughty and cold-mannered man, but that was only for the benefit of the world in general, she now supposed.

She wondered more than ever that Pattie should be so ready to give him up, at her mother's wish, a man who evidently loved her so tenderly and prized her happiness so dearly.

"Well, how did you get on?" was the question with which she was eagerly met by Mrs. Wyoming, Pattie peeping from behind her mother with eyes in which doubt and fear and laughter were struggling for supremacy.

"He did not find out," said Rowena, sinking into the first chair in the room, as if exhausted.

"He didn't!" exclaimed her aunt. "Rowena, my dear, you are a clever girl! I always said so, and now I am sure of it!"

But Rowena did not look elated, and Mrs. Wyoming divined at once that this was not the kind of treatment to goad the girl's lagging impulses.

"And a kind good girl too" she went on—"which is better than being clever. Think of what Rowena has done for you, my dear"—to her daughter. "I hope you will always be grateful to her."

"Oh, I shall!" cried Pattie; and running to Rowena, she kissed her.

"I don't mind telling you," Mrs. Wyoming pursued "now that you have made the trial and succeeded, that Pattie was heartily well tired of it as well as I. She needs cheerful society; she is not very strong, and this has tried her health sadly."

Pattie glanced up from her cousin's shoulders and furtively peeped at her blooming cheeks in the mirror opposite.

"It is a task which pleases and interests you, and for which I believe you are peculiarly fitted. Those talents have not been given to you for nothing, you may depend, Rowena. We have all our own work in the world, and this seems to be yours."

Rowena would have been surprised at such a strain of conversation from her aunt's lips had she any attention to spare for what was going on around her; but she was far away in spirit, standing under some spreading trees on a summer evening, with a man's fair face before her, his blue eyes meeting her own, and a musical voice wishing her good-bye.

She had not sacrificed anything, she said to herself wearily—there was nothing to sacrifice.

He did not care for her, and never would have done—nobody who saw her face could ever care for her; but at least it would have been some consolation to have been left alone with her dream.

And it never seemed so sweet and bright and alluring—though vain—as now, when she had taken up the burden of a man for whom she could never care, just for love of Pattie and out of pity for him.

She was recalled to herself by hearing her aunt say, in business-like tones—

"I shall send you away somewhere now, Pattie. It would never do for you both to be here at once. I can't make up my mind what to tell the Carbutts, but I must have something settled by this evening."

"Where shall I go?" asked Pattie.

"I don't know yet. I know what I should like. I should like Mrs. Carbutt to go away from here—it is quite at the end of the season in this place—and take you with her."

"Oh!" ejaculated Pattie, with an attempt at dubiousness or indifference; but her eyes sparkled.

"Then, if she went, all those young men hanging about Dolph and Hannah would take themselves off too, and there would be nobody left to tell tales. I shall have to find fault with the servants, and ask Charlie's leave to dismiss them and get new ones—unless he would like to leave here and return home"—struck by a new and apparently pleasant idea. "It is of no use staying on here now for any benefit to his eyes."

She was silent for a few moments, deep in thought over the new order of things that had arisen in an hour.

Then she resumed—

"If Mrs. Carbutt is not leaving at once she must be told that your engagement is broken off, Pattie, so that you can go to her house and stay there. In any case I should wish her to know it"—with a glance at her daughter. "I shall manage that nicely. And, as they will be sure to have left before Rowena's vacation ends, they will not know that she does not go back any more."

"Oh, sha'n't I go back to school?" cried Rowena, in dismay.

"Why, how can you!"

"But I cannot afford to give it up, aunt. I have nothing of my own——"

"You had better call me mamma always, or you will be making awkward mistakes," observed Mrs. Wyoming, with a temerity that horrified her niece, who was still in such a state of terror at her own wickedness as to be unable calmly to contemplate that of another. "If you do this service for my daughter and me I will contrive to pay your expenses for the present, and I hope I shall be able to clothe you a little better than you have managed to clothe yourself"—with some emphasis.

"But my books—my studies!" murmured Rowena mournfully.

"Your studies! Well, you will now be constantly in the very society most conducive to their progress. Mr. Leicester is a deeply read man, and has travelled over half the world; he will know more than all your schoolmasters and mistresses put together, I dare say. That will be something for you to talk about."

"But I have to be like Pattie," objected Rowena, "and she never cared for study."

"Well, you must develop the taste gradually," replied her aunt. "Girls often alter as they grow older, you know. Indeed, I believe he will like you all the better if you appear to begin to care for that sort of thing. He always thought so much of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRATITUDE.—There is no virtue which is more pleasing than gratitude. To see that kindness is not thrown away, that some return, however small, is made by the recipient, renders us more ready to do a person a service another time; while ingratitude is one of the most frequent originators of hardheartedness and selfishness.

Bric-a-Brac.

A MARK OF RESPECT.—As a sign of respect the Japanese when they meet in the street, take off their slippers. This custom almost universally prevails in the East. An inferior, when he enters the presence of his superior, removes his shoes or slippers and leaves them at the door until his departure. This is done as a mark of humility, as a shoeless foot denotes servitude. The shoe is always left at the door of a Mohammedan mosque, for the reason that leather is regarded as an unclean thing and must not be brought into the presence of the holy.

BUYING A HUSBAND.—An English paper of July 10, 1700, has the following item: "An Oxford lass was lately courted by a young man of that county, who was not willing to marry her unless her friends could advance her fifty pounds for her portion, which they being incapable of doing the lass came to London to try her fortune, where she met with a good chapman in the Strand who made a purchase of her hair (which was delicate, long and light), and gave her sixty pounds for it—being twenty ounces at three pounds an ounce—with which money she joyfully returned to the country and bought herself a husband."

NORWAY ENGAGEMENTS.—In Norway, as soon as a young man and young woman are engaged, no matter in what rank of life, betrothed rings are exchanged and worn ever afterwards by men as well as women. The consequence is, that one can always tell an engaged person in the same way a married woman in America can be recognized. There is not a married man in Norway, no matter how humble he may be, who does not wear this outward mark of submission to the matrimonial yoke. But this is not all—as soon as a man is engaged he has "calling cards" printed, with the name of his fiancee immediately below his own.

"HURRAH!"—The exclamation "Hurrah" is probably a corruption of "Tur ale" (Thor aid), a battle cry of the ancient Norsemen, and is common to many nations. On the other hand, M. Lettre, a celebrated French philologist, says it is derived from the Slavonic "Hurraj" (to Paradise). In India and Ceylon the Mahouts and attendants of baggage elephants cheer them on by perpetual crying "Ur-re-re!" The Arabs and camel drivers in Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt encourage their animals to speed by shouting "Ar-re! ar-re!" The Moors in Spain drive their mules with repetitions of "Arre!" In France the sportsman excites his hounds by his shouts "Hare! hare!" while the herdsmen of Ireland and Scotland use "Hurrish! hurrish!" to urge on the cattle they are driving.

THE FEAST OF GHOSTS.—On the nineteenth of May was formerly held the "Feast of the Ghosts." As may not, perhaps, be known to many readers, the ancients believed that every person was possessed of three spirits, the "manes," the "spiritus," and the "umbra." The first went down to the infernal regions, the second ascended to the skies, and third hovered about the tomb. They also ascribed two genii to every person, a black one and a white one. On the third of the Ides the Romans had a feast called Feralia, in honor of the ghosts, and another on the nineteenth of May to pacify the manes of the dead and reverence the hobgoblins. Nearly every nation, from the rudest to the most enlightened, has at one time or another paid some regard to ghosts, and the belief in their appearance still exists to a wider extent than is generally known.

STUDY OF THE HAND.—Students of chiromancy hold that a well developed fourth finger is a member of which its owner has every reason to be proud. "Curiously enough with the majority of people the fourth finger of either one or both hands is more or less deformed. If the malformation appears on one hand only, or in a more pronounced degree, it is almost always on the left hand." A writer in a French scientific contemporary has made some interesting investigations concerning the heredity of the crippled finger through five generations. The first person in whom the deformity was noticed was a woman, both of whose "little" fingers were in a slight degree curved laterally towards the third finger; in one of her daughters and one of her sons exactly the same deformity was observed; the four male offspring of the son and the two male offspring of the daughter suffered in the same way; in the fourth generation eight sons and three daughters were effected, and in the fifth generation one son and seven daughters.

MY LOVE LOVES ME!

BY L. W. S.

Oh! listen, birdies in the trees,
And swift repeat the strain;
O, waft it on each perfumed breeze
Beguiling me of pain!

O, my love loves me—me only—
Sing loud, and clear and sweet;
My heart no more is lovely,
Let echoes all repeat!

The clear, sweet, old-time story,
That Adam sang to Eve;
When she, in all her glory,
Refused his side to leave.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DULL AND VOID."

"MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"FATHER, I am to see Mr. Lepel this afternoon."

"Yes, my girl?"

"And I want you to say good-bye to him for ever."

Westwood nodded; he was well pleased with her decision.

"And then I will go to America with you whenever you please. But one thing I want you to allow me to do."

"Well Cynthy?"

"I must tell Mr. Lepel who I am. I will not of course let him think that I know anything of you now. He shall not know that you are alive. But I must do as I please about telling him my own christian name."

"Very well, Cynthia," said her father; "do as you like in that matter. I can trust you with a good deal, and I trust you so far; but don't let out that you know anything about me now—that I'm alive, and that you have seen me, or anything of that sort."

"No, father."

"I see what you're after," he said after a pause. "You think he'll give you up more ready when he knows that you are my daughter—isn't that it? You may say so open-like; it doesn't hurt me, you know. Of course I can understand what he will feel. And what's always been the hardest to me was the feelin' that I had injured you so much—you, the only thing left to me in the world."

"You could not possibly help it, father dear."

"Well, I don't know. I might have done many things different—I see that now. But there's one thing to be said—if you feel inclined to break off with Mr. Lepel without telling him your name, I think it would be no doubt easy enough to do it."

"How? What do you mean?"

"You think he's fond of you—don't you, my dear?"

"I thought so, father."

"He's tried to make you believe so, for his own ends, no doubt. But he means to marry the other girl, my dear—they told me so at Beechfield. They say he worships the very ground she treads upon; and she the same with him. Being fond of you was only a blind to lead you to your destruction, I'm afraid, my pretty dear!"

Cynthia shrank a little as she heard. Could this be true?

"The girl lives down there then, does she?" she asked, in a strange hard voice not like her own.

"Yes, my dear. He would not be able to break off there without a tremendous to-do I'll warrant you; for the girl is the General's niece, the daughter of Sydney Vane—the Miss Enid you spoke about a moment ago."

As he got no answer, he turned to look at her, and found that she was deadly white; but, when she noticed that he was looking at her, she smiled and passed her hand within his arm.

"You make my task all the easier for me, father," she said; "I shall know what to do now. And I think that it is about time for me to go home."

* * * * * *

Cynthia had already despatched a little note to Hubert asking him to visit her at a certain hour that afternoon—hence the certainty with which she spoke of his visit to her father.

After what had passed between them, she did not think that he would fail to come.

She wanted him at half-past five precisely because at that hour Madame had promised to go for a drive in the Park with one of her most fashionable pupils and her friends, and Cynthia knew that she could then see him alone.

And she was right in thinking that he would come. Just as the half-hour struck, Hubert knocked at Madame della Scala's door, and was immediately ushered into a tiny little room on the ground-floor which was always called "Miss West's parlor," and which contained little furniture except a piano and table and a couple of chairs. It was here that Cynthia practised and studied, and sat when she wanted to be entirely alone.

Two or three photographs of the heads of great singers and musicians were the sole decorations of the walls; a pile of music and some books lay on a table.

The place had a severely business-like air; and yet its very simplicity and the sombreness of its tints had hitherto always given Hubert, who knew the room, a sense of pleasure.

But he knitted his brows when he was taken to it on this occasion. It seemed to him that Cynthia wanted to give her interview with him also in a business like manner.

But perhaps, he reflected, it was only that she wanted a peculiarly confidential talk.

He looked at her a little anxiously when she came in, and was rather puzzled by her face.

She was pale, and she had been crying, for her eyelids were red; but she gave him a peculiarly sweet and winning smile, and there was a pleading softness in the lovely eyes under the wet lashes which melted his heart to her at once, although she offered him her hand only and would not allow him to kiss her cheek.

"What—not one kiss for me this afternoon? I though I was forgiven!" he said reproachfully.

"It is I who want forgiveness," she answered, "for being so bad-tempered and rude last night."

"Take my forgiveness then," said Hubert, almost gaily in his relief at hearing the sweetness of her voice—"and take it in this form."

He would not be denied; and Cynthia had no heart to struggle. She let him enfold her in his arms for a moment and press a dozen kisses on her lips and cheek; then she drew herself away from him. He felt the movement, although he did not let her go.

"My dearest, you do not speak naturally—and you want to get away from me. What does this mean?"

"I don't know that I exactly want to get away from you," said Cynthia, smilingly; "but I think that perhaps I must."

The smile was a very woeful little affair after all.

"Must! I don't think I shall ever let you go again!"

He tightened his clasp. She looked up into his face with very beseeching eyes.

"Do take away your arm, please Hubert! I want to talk to you, and I cannot if it is there."

"Then we will leave it there. I don't think I want to talk, darling. I am very tired—I think I must have walked miles last night before I came back to this door to hand my lady out of her carriage, and I want to be petted and spoken to kindly."

Cynthia's fingers twitched and she turned her head aside, but not before Hubert had noticed the peculiar expression that crossed her face.

Being a play-writer and a constant theatre-goer, his mind was full of theatrical reminiscences.

He remembered at that moment to have noticed that peculiar twitch, that odd expression of countenance, in Sarah Bernhardt who was acting the part of a profoundly jealous woman.

It had then meant, "Go to my rival, to her whom you love, and be comforted—do not come to me!"

But there was no likeness between that great tragic actress and Cynthia West either of character or of circumstance; and Cynthia had no cause to be jealous. But he thought of the momentary impression afterwards.

She turned her face back again with as sweet a smile as ever.

"You think you must always have your own way; but I want to be considered too. I have something to tell you, and I shall not be happy until it is said. If you are tired, you shall sit down in this chair—it is much more comfortable than it looks—and have some tea, and then we can talk. But Madame may be back by half-past six, and I want to get it all over before she comes."

"'Getting it all over' sounds as if something very disagreeable were going to follow!" said Hubert, releasing her and taking the chair she proffered. "No tea, thank you; I had some at my club before I came. Now what is it, dear? But sit down; I can't sit you know, if you stand."

"I must stand," said Cynthia, with a touch of imperiousness. "I am the criminal, and you are the judge. The criminal always stands."

"It is a very innocent criminal and a very unworthy judge in this instance 'Sit Jessica.'"

She laughed and drew a chair forward. Sitting down, he saw that her figure fell at once into a weary languid attitude and that the smile faded from her face. He put his hand on hers.

"What is it, my dearest?" he said seriously this time.

She raised her eyes, and they were filled with tears.

"It is of no use trying to speak lightly about it," she said. "I may as well tell you that it is a very important matter, Hubert. I sent for you to-day to tell you that we must part."

"Nonsense, Cynthia!"

"We must indeed! The worst is that we might have avoided all this trouble—this misery—if I had been candid and open with you from the first. If I had told you all about myself, you would perhaps never have helped me—or at least—for I won't say that exactly—you would have helped me from a distance and never cared to see or speak to me."

"Of course you know that you are talking riddles, Cynthia."

"Yes, I know. But you will understand in a minute or two. I only want to say first, that I had no idea who you were."

"Who I am, dear? Myself, Hubert Lepel and nobody else."

"And cousin"—she brought the words out with difficulty—"cousin to the Vanes of Beechfield."

"Well, what objection have you to the Vanes of Beechfield."

"They have the right to object to me; and so have you. Do you remember the evening when I spoke to you outside the theatre? Did it ever cross your mind that you had seen and spoken to me before? You asked me once if I knew a girl called Jane Wood. Now don't you remember me? Now don't you know my name?"

Hubert had risen to his feet. His face was ghastly pale; but there was a horror in it which even Cynthia could not interpret aright.

"You—you Jane Wood?" he gasped. "Don't trifle with me, Cynthia! You are Cynthia West!"

"Cynthia Janet Westwood, known at St. Elizabeth's as Janie Wood."

"You—you are Westwood's child?" he exclaimed.

She silently bowed her head.

"Oh, Cynthia, Cynthia, if you had but told me before!"

He sank down into his chair again, burying his face in his hands with his elbows on his knees.

There was a look of self-abasement, of shame and sorrow in his attitude inexplicable to Cynthia. Finding that he did not speak, she took up her tale again in low uneven tones.

"I knew that I ought to tell you. I said that I would tell you everything before—before we were married, if ever it came to that. I ought to have done so at once; but it was so difficult. They had changed my name when I went to school so that nobody should know; they told me that it would be a disgrace to have it known. I ran away from St. Elizabeth's because I had been fool enough to let it out. I could not face the girls when they knew that—that my father was called a murderer."

Hubert drew his breath hard. She tried to answer what she thought was the meaning of that strange sound, half moan, half sigh.

"I never called him so," she said. "You will not believe it, of course; but I know that my father would never have done the deed that you attribute to him. He was kind, good, tender-hearted, although he lived in rebellion against some of the ordinary laws of society. There was nothing base or mean about him. If he had killed a man, he would not have told lies about it; he would have said that he had done it and borne the punishment. He was a brave man: he was not a murderer."

Still Hubert did not answer. He dared not let her see his face; she must not know the torture her words inflicted on him. She went on.

"Lately I have though that it would be better for me to face the whole thing out and not act as if I was ashamed of my father, who is no murderer, but a martyr and an innocent man. I took my first step last night by telling your aunt Miss Vane that 'West' was only an assumed name. I had never said that before. Do you remember how she looked at me—how she hated me—when we stood outside the gates at Beechfield Park that afternoon? The sight of me made her ill; and if she knew me by my right name, it would make her ill again. If I had known that you were their cousin, I would never have let you see my face."

"Cynthia, have a little mercy!" cried Hubert, suddenly starting up and dashing the hair back from his discolored distorted face. "Do you think I am such a brute? What does it matter to me about your father? Was I so unkind, so cruel to you when you were a child that you cannot trust me now?"

"No," she said, looking at him gently, but with a sort of aloofness which he had never seen in her before; "you were very good to me then. You saved me from the workhouse; you would not even let me go to the charity-school that Mrs. Rumbold recommended. You told me to be a good girl, and said that some day I should see my father again."

"I see it all now. It was through you, I suppose, that I was sent to St. Elizabeth's, where I was made into something like a civilized being. It was you to whom they applied as to whether I should be removed from the lower to the upper school; and you—out of your charity to the murderer's daughter—you paid for me forty pounds a year. I did not know that I had so much to be grateful to you for. I have taken gifts from you since, not knowing; but this is the last of it—I will never take another now!"

"Are you so proud, Cynthia, that you cannot bear me to have helped you a little? My love, I did not know, I never guessed that you were Westwood's daughter. But can you never forgive me for having done my best for you? Do you think I love you one whit the less?"

"Oh, I see—you think that I am ungenerous," cried Cynthia, "and that it is my pride which stands in your way! Well, so it is—this kind of pride—that I will not accept gifts from those who believe my father to be a guilty man when I believe in his innocence. They did well never to tell me who was my benefactor—for whom I was taught to pray when I was at St. Elizabeth's. If I had known, the place would not have held me for one day when I was old enough to understand! At first I was too ignorant, too much stupefied by the whole thing to understand that the Vanes were keeping me at school and supporting me. It is horrible—it is sickening—to send my father to prison, to the gallows, and his child to school! Much better have let me go to the workhouse! Do you think I wish to be indebted to people who think my father a murderer?"

"You mistake!" said Hubert quickly. "The Vanes knew nothing about it. If Mrs. Rumbold ever said so, it was my fault. I did not like her to think that I was doing it alone. And, as for me, Cynthia, I never thought your father guilty—never!"

He trembled beneath the burning gaze she turned on him, and his color changed from white to red, and then to white again. He felt as if he had been guilty of the meanest subterfuge of his whole life.

"You never thought so?" she said, with a terrible gasp. "Then who was guilty? Who did that murder, Hubert? Do—you—know?"

She could not say, "Was your sister guilty, and are you shielding her?"

He looked at her helplessly. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; he could not speak. With a bitter cry she fell upon her knees before him and seized his trembling hands.

"You know—you know! Oh, Hubert, clear my father's name! Never mind whom you sacrifice! Let the punishment fall on the head of the wrong-doer—not my dear, dear father's! I will forgive you for having been silent so long, if now you will only speak. I will love you always, I will give you my life, if you will but let the truth be known!"

He gathered his forces together by an almost superhuman effort, and managed to speak at last; but the sweat stood in great drops on his brow.

"Cynthia, don't—don't speak so, for God's sake! I know nothing, I have nothing to say!"

Clinging to his knees, she looked at him, her eyes full of supplication.

"Is the cost too great?" she cried. "Will you not tell the truth for my sake—for Cynthia's sake?"

Scarcely knowing what he did, he pushed back his chair, and wrenched himself free from her entreating hands.

"I cannot bear this, Cynthia! If I could—— But it is of no use; I have nothing—nothing to tell."

He had moved away from her; but he came back when he saw that she had fallen forward with her face on the chair where he had been sitting.

He leaned over her. At first he thought that she had fainted; but presently the movement of her shoulders showed him that she was but vainly endeavoring to suppress a burst of agonizing sobs.

"Cynthia," he said, "believe in my love, darling! If you believe in nothing else, you may be sure of that."

He laid his hand gently upon her round cheek, and, finding that she did not repulse him, knelt beside her and tried to draw her to his breast.

For a few minutes she let her head rest on his shoulder, and clung to him as if she could not let him go. When she grew calmer, he began to whisper tender words into her ear.

"Cynthia, I will give up all the world for your dear sake! Let us go away from England together, and live only for each other darling! We could be happy somewhere, away from the toil and strife of London, could we not? I love you only, dearest—only you! If you like, we would go to America and see whether we could not find your poor dear father, who, I have heard, is living there; and we could cheer his last days together. Will you not make me happy in this way, Cynthia? Be my wife, and let us forget all the world beside."

She shook her head. She had wept so violently that at first she could not speak.

"Why do you shake your head? You do not doubt my love? My darling, I count the world well lost for you! Do not distrust me again! Do you think I mind what the world says, or what my relatives say? You are Cynthia and my love to me, and whose daughter you are matters nothing—nothing at all?"

"But it matters to me," she whispered brokenly—"and I cannot consent."

"Dearest, don't say that! You must consent! Your only chance of happiness lies with me, and mine with you."

"But you have promised yourself," she murmured, "to Enid Vane."

"Conditionally; and I am certain—certain that she does not care for me."

"I am not certain," she whispered.

There was a little pause, during which he felt that she was bracing herself to say something which was hard for her to say.

"I have made up my mind to take nothing away from Enid Vane," she said at length—"that is dear to her. Do you remember how she pleaded with you for me? Do you remember how good she was—how kind? She gave me her shilling because I had no food that day. I never spent it—I have that shilling still. I have worn it ever since, as a sort of talisman against evil."

She felt in her bosom and brought out the coin attached by a little string around her neck.

"It has been my greatest treasure," she continued. "I have had so few treasures in my life. And do you think I am going to be ungrateful? If it broke my heart to give you up, I would not hesitate one moment, when I had reason to think that you were plighted to Enid Vane."

She drew herself away from him as she spoke, and rose to her full height.

Hubert stood before her, his eyes on the floor, his lips white and tremulous.

What could he say? He had nothing but his love to plead—and his love looked a poor and common thing beside that purity of motive, that height of purpose, that in-

tensity of noble passion which at that moment made Cynthia's face beautiful indeed.

"I will see you no more," she said. "You must go back to Enid Vane, and you must make her happy. For me, I have another work to do. In my own way I—I shall be happy too. There is a double barrier between us, and we must never, never meet again."

"Is it a barrier that can never be broken down, Cynthia?"

"No," she said—"not unless my father is shown innocent to the world and the stain removed from his name—not unless we are sure—sure that Enid Vane has no affection for you save that of a cousin and a friend. And these things are impossibilities; so we must say good-bye."

It seemed as if he had not understood her words.

He muttered something, and clutched at the table behind him as if to keep himself from falling.

"Impossibilities indeed!" he said hoarsely, after a moment's pause. "Good-bye, Cynthia!"

Struck with pity for his haggard face and hollow eyes, Cynthia came up to him, put her hands on his shoulders, and kissed his cheek.

"I was mad just now! I said more than I think I meant, Hubert. Forgive me before you go; but never come here again."

Their tear-stained eyes met, and then some instinct prompted her to whisper very low—

"Could you not, even now, save my father if you tried?"

Surely his good angel pleaded with him in Cynthia's guise; and looking into her face, he answered as he had never thought to answer in this world:

"Yes, Cynthia; if I took his place, I could."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WESTWOOD had scouted Cynthia's notion that the woman in black who seemed to be following them could possibly be a spy; nevertheless he meditated upon it with some anxiety, and resolved, on his arrival at his lodgings, to be wary and circumspect—also to show that he was on his guard.

He relapsed therefore into a very uncommunicative "single gentleman" whom Mrs. Gunn, his landlady, had at first found him to be, and refused rather gruffly her invitation that afternoon to take tea with her in her own parlor in the company of herself and her niece.

"He's grumpier than ever," she said to this niece, who was no other than Sabina Meldreth, now paying a visit—on business principals—of indefinite duration to her aunt's abode in Camden town; "and I did think you melted him a bit last week, Sabina! But he's as close as wax! Let's sit down to our tea before it gets black and bitter, as he won't come."

"He must have seen me in the Gardens," said Sabina, who was dressed in the brightest of blue gowns, with red ribbons at her throat and wrists, "though I should never have thought that he would recognize me, being in black and having that thick veil over my face."

"I don't see what you wanted to foller him for!" said Mrs. Gunn. "What business o' yours was it where he went and what he did? I don't think you'll ever make anything out of him."

Miss Meldreth had begun to harbor matrimonial designs to the unconscious Mr. Reuben Dare.

"I'm not so sure," said Sabina. "Once get a man by himself, and you can do a'most anything with him, so long as there's no other woman in the way."

"And is there another woman in the way?"

"Yes, aunt Eliza, there is."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Gunn, emptying the water-jug into the tea-pot in pure absence of mind. "You saw him with one did you?"

"Yes, aunt Eliza, I did."

"And what was she like, Sabina?"

"Well, some folks call her handsome," said Sabina dubiously; "and she was dressed like a lady—I'll say that for her. But what's odd is that I'm nearly sure I heard her call him 'Father.' She's young enough to be his daughter anyway."

"Did he call her anything?"

"I couldn't hear. But I'll tell you what I did afterwards, aunt Eliza; I followed her when she came out of the gate—and she didn't see me then. She went straight to a house in Norton Square; and I managed to make some inquiries about her at a confectioner's shop in the neighborhood. The house belongs to a music-mistress; and this girl is a singer. 'Cynthia West,' they call her—I've seen her name in the newspapers. Well, I thought I would wait round a bit, and presently I saw a man go to the house to deliver a note; and I thinks to myself, 'I know that face.' And so I did. It was Mr. Lepel's man, Jenkins, as used to come down with him to Beechfield."

"You don't say so!" cried Mrs. Gunn, raising her hands in amazement.

"He knew me," Sabina proceeded tranquilly; "and so we had a little chat together. I says to him, 'Who is it you take notes to at number five—the old lady or the young one?' 'Oh,' says he, 'the young one, to be sure. Scrumptious, isn't she?' 'Cynthia West?' says I. 'Yes,' he says—'and Mrs. Hubert Lepel before very long, if I've got eyes to see! He's always after her.' 'That ain't very likely,' I said, 'because he's got a young lady already in the country.' 'One in the country and one in the town,' he says, with a wink—'that's the usual style, isn't it?' And, seeing that he was disposed to be familiar, I said good day to him and came away."

"What will you do now, Sabina?"

"Well," said Sabina reflectively, "I think I shall let Mrs. Vane know. She'd be glad to have a sort of handle against her brother, I'm thinking. And these people—Mr. Dare and Miss West—seem to have got something to do with Beechfield, for I'm certain it was to Beechfield he went when he left here for that fortnight. He gave no address—that was natural maybe—but he'd got the Whitminster label on his bag when he came back. And, if Miss West was being courted by Mr. Lepel, and her father wanted to know who Mr. Lepel was and all about him, he might easily gather that Beechfield was the place to go to. I suppose he wanted to find out whether Mr. Lepel was engaged to Miss Vane or not. And I've a sort of idea too that there's something mysterious about it all. Why shouldn't he have said straight out where he was going, especially when I had already told him that I knew Whitminster so well and belonged to Beechfield? It seems to me that Mr. Dare has got something to conceal; and I'd like to know what it is before I go any further."

"Any farther!" said her aunt contemptuously. "It don't seem to me that you've got very far!"

"Farther than you think," was Miss Meldreth's reply. "He's afraid of me, or else he would come to tea this afternoon. And a woman can always manage a man that's afraid of her."

Fortified by this conviction, Sabina sat down after tea to indite a letter to Mrs. Vane.

She was not a very deft scribe, and the spelling of certain words was a mystery to her. But, with the faults of its orthography corrected, the letter finally stood thus—

"Madam—I thought you might like to know as how there is a gentleman, named Reuben Dare lodging at my aunt's, as seems to have a secret interest in Beechfield. I think, but I am not quite sure, that he spent a few days at the Beechfield inn not long ago. He is tall and thin and brown, with white hair and beard and very black eyes. He will not talk much about Beechfield, and yet seems to know it well. Says he comes from America. He was walking for a long time in Kensington Gardens this morning with a young woman that goes by the name of Cynthia West and is a singer. She calls him 'Father.' Madam, I take the liberty of informing you that Mr. H. Lepel visits her constant, and is said to be going to marry her. She is what gentlemen call good-looking, though too dark for my taste. It does not seem to be generally known that she has a parent living.

"Yours respectfully,
"SABINA MELDRETH."

Mrs. Vane read this letter with considerable surprise. She meditated upon it for some time with closed lips and knitted brow; then she rang the bell for Parker.

"Parker," she said, "can you tell me whether any strangers have been visiting Beechfield lately?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! There was an old gentleman at the 'Crown' a few days ago. The post-office woman told me that he came from America."

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes, ma'am, 'Mr. Dare.'"

"The woman at the post-office told you that? Did you ever see him?"

"Yes, ma'am. He spoke to me one evening not long ago when I'd run out with a letter, and he asked me to tell him the way to the Hall."

"And then?"

"He said he'd heard of a Mr. Lepel at Beechfield, ma'am," said Parker, rather reluctantly, "and that he knew a Mr. Lepel and wondered whether it was the same. But it wasn't. The Mr. Lepel he knew was short and fair and was married; the Mr. Lepel that came here, told him, was very dark and tall and engaged to Miss Enid Vane."

"You had no authority to tell him that, Parker; you know it is not public property."

"I beg you pardon, I'm sure, ma'am! I'd heard it so often that I thought everybody knew."

"What else did this Mr. Dare have to say?"

"I don't just remember, ma'am," said Parker.

"Did he ask no other questions? Did he ask for instance, whether Mr. Lepel was not fond of Miss Vane?"

"Well, yes, ma'am; now you mention it, I think he did—though how you came to guess it——"

"Never mind how I came to guess it. What did you say?"

"I said that he worshipped the ground she trod upon, and that she was just the same with him."

"And pray how did you know that?"—Parker shuffled.

"Well, ma'am, I couldn't rightly say; but it's what is general with young ladies and young gentlemen, and it wouldn't have looked well, I thought, to ha' said anything else."

"Oh, I see! The remark was purely conventional," said Flossy cynically. "I congratulate you, Parker, on always doing as much harm as you can whenever you take anything in hand. Did he seem pleased by what you said?"

"Not exactly pleased, ma'am—nor displeased; I think, if anything, he was more pleased than not."

"That will do," Mrs. Vane said shortly; and Parker retired, much relieved in her mind by having come off, as she considered, so well.

Mrs. Vane proceeded to electrify the household the next morning by declaring that she must at once go up to London in order to see her dentist.

She announced her intention at a time when the General, much to his annoyance, could not possibly accompany her.

She said to him very sweetly that she had chosen that hour on purpose, because she did not want to put him to needless inconvenience, and that she preferred to go with Parker only as her companion.

She hated to be seen, she said, when she was in pain.

The General fumed and fretted; but, as he had an important meeting to attend at Whitminster that day, he could but put his wife into the train and give Parker endless injunctions to be careful of her mistress.

Parker promised fervently to do all that lay in her power; and with a serene smile Flossy listened to the General's orders and her maid's asseverations with equal tranquillity.

They had the carriage to themselves; and not until the train was nearing London did Mrs. Vane rouse herself from the restful semi-slumber in which she seemed to have passed the journey.

Then she sat up suddenly, with a curiously wide-awake and resolute air, and addressed herself to her maid.

"I shall not require you at all to-day, Parker. I brought you only because the General would never have allowed me to come alone; but I dislike being attended by any one when I go to the dentist's or the doctor's. You may wait at the railway-station until I come back. I may be only an hour, or I may be gone all day."

"The General's orders, ma'am," began Parker, with a gasp; but her mistress cut the sentence short at once.

"I suppose you understand that you are my servant and not the General's?" she said. "You will obey my orders, if you please."

She gave the maid some money and instructions to spend as much as she pleased at buffet and book-stall until her return.

"Enjoy yourself as much as you like and as much as you can," said Mrs. Vane carelessly—"only don't stir from the station, for when I come back I shall want you at once."

She installed the faithful Parker safely in the waiting-room, and then went out and got into a cab—not a hansom cab; Mrs. Vane did not wish to be seen in her drive through the London streets.

The address which she gave to the cabman was not that of her dentist, but of the lodgings at present tenanted by her brother.

Parker remained at the station in a state of tearful collapse. She was terribly afraid of being questioned and stormed at by the General when she got back for neglect of her trust.

She was certainly what Flossy had called her—"a faithful fool." She wanted to do all that her mistress required; but it had not yet occurred to her that Mrs. Vane was quite certain to require utter silence, towards the General and everybody else, on the question of her disposition of the day. And, if silence was impossible a good bold lie would do as well. Parker had not yet grasped the full amount of devotion that was expected of her.

Hubert had seldom been more surprised in his life than when the elegantly-dressed lady who was ushered into his sitting-room proved to be his sister Florence. She had never visited him before. He sprang up from his writing-table, which was piled high with books and manuscripts, flung a half smoked cigar into the grate, and greeted her with a mixture of doubt and astonishment, which amused if it did not flatter the astute Mrs. Vane.

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure! I hope you are not the bearer of ill news, Flossy! Is anything wrong up at Beechfield?"

"Oh, dear, no! I came here to see my dentist," said Flossy carelessly, "and I thought that I would give you a call. So these are your rooms? Not at all bad for a bachelor!"

"That is high praise from you, I suppose," said Hubert, smiling faintly.

"But you do not look at all well, Hubert. What is the matter with you? You look terribly fagged!"

Her remark was justified by his appearance.

His face had a drawn look which added ten years to his age; his eyes seemed almost to have sunk into his head.

He made an impatient gesture, and looked away.

"I have not been very well," he said; but there is no need to speak about it. I am very busy, and I want rest—change of scene and air."

"Why not come down to Beechfield?"

He gave a slight but perceptible shudder.

"No," he said briefly, and then stood leaning against his writing-table, and was silent.

"Hubert," said his sister, a little more quickly than usual, "I said that I wanted to see my dentist, but I had another reason for coming to town. Can you tell me where I can find a file of the *Times* newspaper for the early months of the year 187—?"—she mentioned the year of Sydney Vane's death and the trial of Andrew Westwood.

"You want—the trial?" said her brother, with an evident effort.

She bowed her head.

"Why?"

"I have forgotten one or two points in the evidence. I want to recall them to my mind."

He stood looking at her silently.

"It doesn't matter," she said, feigning indifference, and rising as if to take her leave; "I can see the papers in a public library, no doubt. The General would not have a copy left in the house. I will go elsewhere."

"It is needless," Hubert answered, in a gloomy tone. "I have kept copies myself. Wait a moment, and I will bring them to you."

"I thought that you would probably possess them," said Flossy softly, as she settled herself once more in her comfortable chair.

He went into another room, and soon returned bearing in his arms a little pile of papers, yellow indeed with age, but, as Mrs. Vane noticed, completely free from dust.

It was evident that some one else had been very lately perusing them; but she made no comment on the subject.

"Go on with your writing," she said, beginning to take off her gray gloves with admirable coolness. "I can find what I want without your aid."

He gave her a long look, then set the papers on a little table beside her and returned to his own seat.

He did not however begin to write again.

He turned the chair almost with its back to Mrs. Vane, and clasped his hands behind his fine dark head.

In this position he remained perfectly motionless until she had finished her examination of the newspapers.

In a quarter of an hour she declared herself satisfied.

"Have you found all that you wanted?"

"Oh, yes, thank you!"

One important item she had certainly secured—the fact that Westwood's daughter had been named "Cynthia Janet."

"Cynthia Janet Westwood"—"Cynthia West"—it was plain enough to her quick intelligence that the two were one and the same.

Hubert had never thought of looking for the name of Westwood's little daughter in the *Times*.

"By-the-bye," said Flossy lightly, "I hear sad tales of you in town. How often is it you go to see the new singer, Miss West? Has poor Enid a rival?"

He did not look round; but she saw that her question sent a shock through his nerves.

"I do not know what you mean," he answered coldly.

"Don't be absurd. Are you going to marry Miss West?"

"No."

"Shall you marry Enid Vane?"

"It is not very likely that she will marry me."

Something in the intense dreariness of his tone struck painfully on Florence's ear. She rose and put her hand on Hubert's shoulder.

"What is the matter with you, Hubert?" she asked.

He shook off her hand as if it had been a noxious reptile of which he desired to rid himself, and rose to his feet.

"You must not mind what I say to-day, Florence. I am not well. I—I shall see you another time."

"Of course you will—plenty of times, I hope!"

A look of dismay began to show itself in Flossy's eyes.

"You are not contemplating any new step, I hope? I——"

"Don't be alarmed!" he said, with an unnatural laugh. "Before I take any new step I will come to you. I will not leave you without a warning."

Then he seemed to recover his self-possession and spoke in more measured tones.

"Nonsense, Florence—don't concern yourself about me! I have a bad headache—that is all. If I am left alone I shall soon be better."

"I hope you will," said Flossy, rather gravely, "for you look alarmingly ill to-day. You should send for the doctor, Hubert. And now I will say good-bye, for I have two or three other things to do to-day, besides going to my dentist's. The cab is at the door; you need not come down."

He rose, as she really expected him to do, to see her to her cab; but a sensation of dizziness and faintness made him sit down and bury his head in his hands.

Considerably alarmed, Florence rang for Jenkins, his man, and gave strict orders that the doctor should be sent for at once. Then, feeling that she had for the present at least done her duty, she took her leave, promising to call again before she left town that afternoon.

Jenkins went for the doctor, as Mrs. Vane had told him to do. When that gentleman arrived, he found Mr. Lepel stretched on a sofa in a half-unconscious state, and declared him to be in one of the incipient stages of brain-fever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PHILADELPHIANS who have had their nerves shattered by a neighbor engaged in walking to ecstacy the amateur accordion will be interested in the experience of a Boston fellow-sufferer. By way of getting even with the man next door, who loved an accordion not wisely but too well, he took to performing upon a tin horn with great vigor. Whenever the accordion lifted up its voice he blew blasts upon the tin horn which "could be heard nearly as far east as Portsmouth when the wind was in the right direction." The glorious result was that the accordion player soon was made to see the error of his ways.

WHAT we ought not to do we should never think of doing.

WE MET AGAIN.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

We met again—but not as once we met,—
Our blood flowed placidly as e'er it flowed,
No throb of passion in our bosoms glowed,
Our lashes with no happy tears were wet,
And for the past we felt no keen regret,
We'd grown content to take what Fate bestowed,
And if we could we would not change our road.

Yet we were lovers once! and love's sweet net
Round us was closely cast. Each lived for each,
Nor had a thought nor hope nor dream untold;
Alas! the lessons time and absence teach!
When once again we met, each had grown cold,
And wide there spread between our souls a breach
We had no wish to close—for love was old.

FROM THE DESERT.

BY S. D. HAVILLAND.

CHAPTER III.

"COME, dear Bob," said Aline, as she felt his mute caress. "I cannot talk any more now. Don't speak to me about what we have been talking of; I cannot bear it. Let us both think of Uncle Robert and try and make him happy. Let us go to him now."

And she stood up and kissed him on the forehead.

"How cold and dark it has grown!" she said, shivering. "Let us go home immediately."

"Yes, dear," said Bob, "I long to see my father, and will do all you wish. There is a storm coming on. I did not notice it. Let me wrap your shawl warmly round you."

"See," said Aline, "what is the matter with Carlo? He has never behaved like that before."

The dog had bounded forward to the entrance of the cave at their arising, had crawled uneasily back and was lying trembling at her feet, occasionally uttering a moaning whine as it looked from one to the other.

She stooped and patted it, but it only shivered, and made not the least effort to follow them as they went towards the mouth of the cave.

"Come, Carlo," said Aline, looking back, "come."

A startled shout from Bob rang through the cavern as he staggered back and threw his arm round her and stood with blanched face gazing at the sea.

Aline shrieked and hid her face on his breast; and even as they looked the black clouds had swept over the frowning bluff far above them, and the electricity, attracted by the lofty cliff after its headlong journey over a thousand miles of stormy sea, burst in a gleaming network of lightning across the inky sky.

The thunder pealed and rattled round them and roared in the re-echoing cavern.

The path they had trodden was covered with seething and boiling waves, dashing against the rocky wall of the bay in fierce anger at meeting the first resistance they had encountered in their roll of three thousand miles.

And even as they looked a high dark-green wave rolled hissing round the promontory towards them, raising its foam-flecked crest in menacing wrath as it broke and thundered at their feet, driving them within the cave, while it swept back with a harsh grating crash, dragging the boulders and seawrack with it.

Again another billow came thundering in, grinding the stones together, covering their late seat with spume and foam.

Bob dashed forward to look if there were any chance of rushing out between the waves.

The retreating wave caught him by the ankles, and the fierce undertow dragged him forward and hurled him headlong, and rolled him amongst the jagged stones as it sucked him seaward.

Over he rolled, ever nearer the entrance and death; but Aline and Carlo rushed forward, and dog and girl seized him and dragged him panting, bruised and bleeding, up the cave.

Again the mighty green billow surged in at the entrance and roared in deep diapason, in unison with the thunder without, as it ran in streaks of white froth up the sides of the cave and drove them still farther back.

Aline clasped her hands and prayed, while Bob staggered to and fro, half blinded by the sea and sand as he pressed back his matted hair from his forehead.

Again a huge green wave rolled in, entirely filling up the entrance and creating a dim uncertain light as it thundered their doom in their stunned ears.

Again it rolled jarring and crashing back while Carlo fiercely snarled and bit at it as if it were a living and sentient enemy. Doom, doom! again roared in their ears, as wave after wave poured in.

Both were very calm now; both knew the worst; both knew the coast too well to hope.

They knew no boat could live for a moment in such an angry sea, and that even if a boat had come the fierce undertow would seize their bodies, and, after tossing them on the rocks till they were shapeless fragments, would throw them on the coast miles away.

"I forgot the tide, Aline," moaned poor Bob in agony; "it is my doing; I never looked out seaward, I was thinking so of you."

He clasped her in his arms, and she clung to him, as with dilated eyes they watched the ever-increasing waves come sullenly pouring in.

They could hear the muffled roar of the succeeding waves outside as they hurled themselves against the wall of the cliff, while inside the cave each wave gurgled and moaned and hissed as it swept up at them.

The cave grew darker and more sombre as the water rose, the air grew hot and close and stifling, their breath came in painful gasps as the supply was cut off and the oxygen failed.

"Is there no hope, Bob?" said Aline, as he supported her while she looked with wan face up at him.

"We are in the hands of Heaven, dearest," said Bob; "you know there is not an inch of the cave we do not know—it is all solid rock—there is no way out but there," and he pointed to the entrance, now a cauldron of raging water.

"It is hard to die, dear Aline, but we must be resigned; let us take a lesson from that dear fellow who is gone. Oh, Aline! if you could have seen how patient, yet how kind and noble, he looked in the tent, when alone with me, how cheerfully he spoke before the men when he bade me Godspeed; and yet that noble soul knew he was going to die a painful and violent death. It will be a painless death for us, dear one. Come here and sit down."

He took her head on his lap, as she lay back faint and exhausted.

"We cannot go any farther back, that wall of fallen rock is our limit," continued Bob; "let us sit here and wait the end; the waves cannot come so far, but the air will soon be exhausted. Aline, we are both in the immediate presence of death. Tom said to me we should meet in a world where there is eternal peace—peace ineffable—where there is no marrying or giving in marriage, and I can say to you, dear, now, in the presence of this death that is nigh to us, what I could not have said for years perhaps if we had lived—I always loved you, Aline, and, but for that glamor that came over me in London, I should have asked you to be my wife."

"I know it, dear Robert."

"Forgive me, Aline."

"There is nothing to forgive, Bob; I loved you then, I do now; and I would have been your wife."

"I thank you, dear," said Bob humbly; "in our lives, had we lived, we might have been separated; but now we know, and in our deaths we are not divided."

The cave was now so dark that they could hardly see each other's pale faces—only the white swirling lines of foam as they went round in eddying circles on the surface of the black water and disappeared in a funnel of water where the entrance had been, as they were sucked under by each retiring wave, only to reappear a moment afterwards and continue their ceaseless round, as the succeeding wave rolled into the cave.

Bob and Aline shivered as they sat there, dizzy and dazed by the hot suffocating air.

"Lift me up, Bob, if you can; I feel frightened in this dreadful place; hold me close to you," said Aline faintly. "I feel as if death had us fast—as if the spirits of the other world were coming to fetch ——"

"Hush, Aline," said Bob in an awe-struck voice.

He raised her and pressed her close to him.

"Look dear."

Aline followed his eyes and clung convulsively to him.

"What is it? are the spirits of the dead coming?" she moaned.

Neither could have defined in words what they saw at first; they never knew how the subtle consciousness of some unknown and supernatural presence grew on them.

A shimmering, impalpable whiteness seemed to evolve like a misty cloud from the end of the cave by the fallen rocks. Small and undefined, it opened in shadowy folds—gradually the upper part condensed and rolled slightly apart; and Bob and Aline with straining eyes thought they could discern the lineaments of a deadly-pale face. It grew firmer and less indistinct.

"It is he," whispered Aline.

No need for them to utter his name; both recognized that loved face with its wistful, loving brown eyes.

The face looked on them with infinite love and tenderness; the whiteness round it grew clearer and waved and undulated as the shadowy figure held up its dimly seen arms as if blessing them.

"See, Aline, he blesses us; he will save us"

Aline looked and swooned on the rocky ledge. The shadowy form pointed to the fallen rocks, and Bob's keen eye noticed the faint gleam of a broken sword-hilt fastened to its wrist.

It grew fainter and more indistinct, and ever pointing to the wall of fallen rock, it faded slowly from sight as if absorbed into the air.

"Crackenthorp, my beloved Commander I come; I take the signal. I have followed you when death has waited us; I follow you now in life. Aline, Aline, it has pointed to that rock; it has disappeared there; behind it lie life and safety."

And, catching her half-insensible form in his arms he hurried forward. Twice the mephitic air as it rolled up from the turbid water made him gasp and stagger; but at length he reached the boulder.

It was firmly wedged in at the side of an enormous mass which his trained eye showed him had fallen from the side and roof.

With nervous hands he seized it, while Aline looked half-unconsciously on; the earth round it cracked and loosened, and a tiny gust of cold air rushed through and gave him double strength: again he seized it with strained muscles; it rocked and yielded, and fell with a dull crash on the ledge, while a blast of icy cold air poured into the cavern, sending life through every vein and fibre.

"Thank Heaven! Saved! Crackenthorp, you are indeed the Good Spirit of the House of Trefusis," said Bob, as he fell exhausted beside it, while Aline and he drank in the pure fresh air.

"Bring poor Carlo," said Aline, as she looked round to where the dog had fallen insensible on their way and lay huddled up on the rocks; "poor dog, it helped me to save you."

"I will bring it here," said Bob, and laying it down by the cavity, he was soon rewarded by its feebly licking his hand.

The strength of the current of air rushing past them told Bob's practical mining knowledge that it must come from a fissure extending to the moor far above their heads.

He looked at the cavity as it dimly loomed blacker than the surrounding gloom.

His miner's instincts were aroused; he could feel there was another cave not far off—any place were preferable to the dismal hole in which they were, and his mind was made up.

"Aline dear, I shall not be gone more than a few moments—do not be alarmed—Carlo shall watch by you."

"Yes, dear Bob, do whatever you think is best."

On his hands and knees he crept into the cavity; after about a dozen yards it turned to the right and then branched slightly upwards.

"Just as I thought it was; it is a fissure through the rock extending up to the moor."

A few yards of climbing up a gentle slope and he found the passage suddenly widen, and cautiously feeling his way he stood on the rocky head of a cavern.

Several hundred feet above him, twinkling like a blue star of hope, he could see a spot of light.

"Thank Heaven! I see the light of the sun once more!"

Then he hurried back and told Aline the good news of his discovery. Tying her dress tightly round her, he took her through the passage.

"This is gloomy too, dear; but it is better and drier than that dreadful cave," said Aline, as she sat down on a broad ledge of rock.

"Yes, dearest," said Bob, as Carlo jumped up on him after crawling after them through the passage, "that must have been a terrible storm that dragged those boulders down in the cave. Why there is a great mass of dry seaweed that must have been hurled as high as the entrance that I have found!"

"Yes," said Aline, "it was just after Tom left. Oh, Bob," she said in awestruck tones, "he saved us."

"Yes, dear, but we will not talk of that now."

He was exceedingly anxious that she should not frighten herself by the recollection.

"I will go and bring a bundle of that dry seaweed and light a fire; I have some matches."

He soon returned with a large armful and after a short while it blazed up, throwing a flickering light on the walls.

The cavern was small and low, save where the narrow fissure ran up the cliff till it reached the surface.

"It is no use trying to let poor Garth and Dorothy know; we must stay here for some hours till the tide gets out. I will go and bring more seaweed."

After collecting a large heap, he plaited a quantity into a rough torch and looked round him.

"There is another cavity similar to the one by which we have entered," said Bob as he looked round, "but I think, dear, it will be best not to explore it, we shall do well enough here."

"Oh yes, dear," said Aline earnestly, "let us stay here; if you will sit by me I will try and rest."

"Yes; I will make another torch and then a supply of them to keep us in light such as it is."

As he spoke the seaweed burnt out, leaving them until he made another in complete darkness, save where the fire was slowly smouldering.

"I will soon have another made, Aline," he said, when a scream from Aline made him rush to her.

She was trembling violently.

"What is it dear?—there—there—" and he anxiously soothed and petted her as best he could.

"Oh, Bob," she gasped, when she could speak.

"I feel as if my brain were giving way—oh, take me from this horrible place," she moaned.

"I put out my hand just now to lay my shawl on the ledge, and I grasped a skull. I felt it all hollow and round, and the holes where the eyes were. Oh, what shall we do?"

"Come with me, dear; you are nervous and upset, and no wonder; you may be sure it is only a stone. Come to the fire, dear, and I will get another torch immediately."

He gently led her away from the ledge and piled armfuls of seaweed on the remnant of fire.

His deft fingers soon made several torches, and to keep her mind occupied he made her help him as far as her trembling hands would allow.

"Now dear," he said reassuringly, "we will look at this stupid stone that has frightened you."

Going to the ledge where she had been, he searched for and soon found it, as it lay there shining smooth and white in the light. He took it up and examined it curiously.

"Cheer up, Aline dear; it is no skull nor anything dreadful, though very curious. It is an old Phœnician stone lamp: it has been here two thousand years; in fact, the miners who used it were all dead, and it was lying here, when Julius Cæsar fought the woad-painted Britons. We sometimes find them in the mines with later old Roman remains: this is the oldest I have ever seen. Cheer up, dear, it is a piece of human handiwork after all," and he brought it to her.

Poor Aline gave a gasp of relief.

"Oh, I am so glad, Bob; I began to think we should be here for ever, and that last was a skull of some poor man who had died, as we were going to die, in this gloomy place."

"The owners of that lamp must have come through that opening in the side of the cliff, dear," said Bob.

"I cannot understand it at all. There was no outlet in the cave we have left, so they must have come through there—I will just look and see. The passage is blocked up by a fall of rock, which evidently happened many hundred years ago," he continued as he came back.

"I am sorely puzzled; I should have said this had been a smuggler's cave, only there were no smugglers in England two thousand years ago, when living men last walked here."

And stooping down he picked up a few stones lying loose here and there.

He then lit another seaweed torch and picked some fragments from the fallen heap that blocked up the side passage.

"What is it, dear?" said Aline, as she watched him.

He did not reply, but walked thoughtfully about the cave tapping the sides here and there as he went, with the stones he held in his hand.

"Bob dear," she said, going up to him, and placing her hand on his arm, "I am frightened: speak to me."

Bob, looked at her vacantly for a moment, as he rubbed the stones on the cuff of his coat.

"What is it, dear?" said Aline, bursting into tears. "Why do you look so strange, at me for?"

With a sudden start Bob recovered himself.

"My beloved Aline—dearest—we are rich once more, I have found the long lost seam."

L'ENVOI.

"Robert, do you think we really saw dear Tom on that dreadful day?" whispered Aline.

She clasped her hands in his arm as they stood looking out of the old oriel window on the busy scene.

"Who can tell, dear? Perhaps that white cloud we saw was caused by the waves loosening the fallen rocks, and the gust of cold air rushing into the mephitic air of the cave might have condensed, and, as we were both dazed and numbed and thinking so earnestly of our lost one, our imaginations might have supplied the rest—but I love to think he really appeared to us and saved us."

"So do I," she said. "Our guests are coming beloved."

"Well, well, old friend, one glass then to drink success to the mine and the heir. Bob, my boy, I was just saying to your father, he looks younger and brighter every day. My partner and I are proud to be directors on your board. Here are the reports just arrived. I congratulate you all; the experts and engineers all say that purer ore or a finer vein of it was never found since Cornwall was a county."

"Mistress Aline, I was happy to be a godfather this morning—Thomas Crackenthorp Trefusis—two better Christian names could not be."

The old family solicitor paused and hushed his kindly prattle.

"Thomas Crackenthorp—he was indeed the Good Spirit of the House of Trefusis; may Heaven rest his soul!"

"Amen," whispered Aline.

[THE END.]

BOOK TITLES.—Brevity nowadays seems to be necessary for a good title for a book, and herein lies one striking difference between modern one-syllable titles and those of a couple of hundred years ago.

Here are a few from the days of Cromwell:

"A Reaping Hook well tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation;" "A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry;" "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;" "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary."

In 1683 was published "Hic et Hic; or, the Feminine Gender more worthy than the Masculine, being a Vindication of that ingenious and innocent Sex from the biting Sarcasms wherewith they are daily aspersed by the Virulent Tongues and Pens of Malevolent Men."

HAPPINESS grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in the stranger's garden.

His Choice.

BY J. CASSELL.

WHO was Phipson, and what was his choice? You shall hear.

Phipson was one of the managing clerks—one of those shambling, useless individuals whom I have often known put over the heads of old and experienced hands, with a view to partnership.

Phipson's uncle had put him in our shipping office, and Phipson's mission seemed to be to ignore all work or application of any kind connected with it.

The hours he spent in our dingy office in Fenner Street were usually employed by him in killing flies and time with an office ruler, and perpetually railing at the hard fortune that chained him constantly to his desk.

"Look here, Teddy," said he to me one morning in July; "I couldn't stand this much longer. How you fellows manage to keep the thing agoing year after year I can't conceive. For my part I should cave in, 'pon my honor, in another week. Thank goodness, my holidays begin to-morrow, when little Bignell returns."

"So soon?" inquired I; "why, I thought mine were to come next."

"Yaas," he drawled; "but as I felt so thoroughly used up the governor gave me the chance. Barring a few days, I've been mewed up in this musty hole positively nearly every day for six weeks, so I'm going for a run down to Eastbourne to see Jack Rackham?"

"Oh!" I said.

"By the way, you know Rackham's place," he added.

I had introduced Phipson to my old friend Jack Rackham only a few weeks before.

"How is it for a fellow to pass two or three days?"

'Oh, good enough, I suppose," I answered, snortly for I resented his patronizing manner.

"He says he's had a relative of yours, a Miss Beatrice Symonds, staying there some time; and as the air agrees with her, she has now taken a house in the neighborhood."

"I was not aware Miss Symonds was at Eastbourne," I replied.

I had not heard from my Cousin Beatrice for some weeks.

"Is she pretty?" pursued Phipson.

"That's a matter of opinion," I returned.

"Well, is she pretty well off, which is a great deal more to the purpose?" he asked.

"Yes," I said incautiously. "I suppose she is, at any rate. She inherited the whole of her father's fortune—seventy thousand pounds, I believe."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed: "she'd be well worth looking after."

I did not reply.

Phipson went that evening. He took a few lines from me to Rackham. Somehow after that conversation I could not settle to work; my thoughts would wander to Beatrice.

I was piqued at her long silence, and did not feel at all easy. I thought she was abroad in Switzerland or Italy, travelling with some relatives; she wrote to say so.

Then why had she changed her mind and gone to Eastbourne, and, moreover, why had she not written all this time? And now there was this fellow Phipson to make matters worse.

I knew he was a fool and a coxcomb, but would my pretty cousin view him in that light?

Besides, although he was not altogether ill looking, his matchless effrontery would ensure his success where honest worth must stand aloof.

I knew him to be abominably mercenary and my cousin was not only an heiress, but also one of the simplest and most unsuspicious souls in the world. I tortured myself by all kinds of conflicting thoughts. I conceived every imaginable evil as likely to happen, and deemed Phipson capable of any crime under the sun.

By continually dwelling upon it, I had got so strong on the subject that I believe if a still lingering feeling of pride had not restrained me, I should have written to my cousin to denounce the infamous Phipson. One morning, however, about a fortnight after that worthy's departure, I received the following highly interesting and mollifying letters:—

"Eastbourne, July 30.

"My Dear Teddy,—Miss B. is teetotally lost to you. Phipson has taken charge. I thought it best to break it gently in the first sentence of my letter, and can now console you with the undoubted and well-tried testimony of the wise, that 'women were ever fair and false;' and, furthermore that they are as good fish, etc. I haven't seen Miss B. myself since Phipson came down here, but he has given me the particulars, and they are to be married in a few days. Rather hasty, ain't it?

Ever yours,

"JACK RACKHAM."

Another from Phipson was in these terms:

"Dear Teddy,—I promised to write, but have been too busy to think of such mundane occupation. I am happy to have made your cousin's acquaintance. She is not an angel, but a very passable mortal; slightly scraggier, if I may say so, and a little older than I had fondly imagined from the few words you let drop concerning her. She was naturally very much impressed by my appearance, which I conceive is much superior to what she has been accustomed to see here.

I am afraid I am throwing myself away when there are so many eligible young ladies at hand to select from. But your cousin, my boy, is awfully rich, so Rackham assures me. So I laid seige to Miss B.'s very susceptible heart with all the ardor of which I was capable; and, in short, we are to be married on Monday next. I should have been glad to have asked you to the wedding, which will be quite a quiet affair, but I do not wish to lacerate your feelings, etc., as I think you had some views on this quarter yourself. Spare your regrets, my dear boy. We have talked you over, and although Miss B. spoke of you as a pleasant enough acquaintance, I am convinced by her manner she had no warmer feelings than those of friendship towards you. Even if she had, my superior attractions must have prevailed. So Teddy, my dear boy, make up your mind to the inevitable, and me, yours faithfully,

"PHIL. PHIPSON.

"P. S.—Rackham will be best man for the occasion."

Reader, shall I confess the shocking fact that as I read these epistles a glimmering of light stole over my benighted soul: an involuntary smile broke forth and spread over my face, which, as I read, broadened into a grin? As I concluded, the grin developed into one of the heartiest roars of laughter I remember to have given way to.

A few days afterwards, on returning to my apartments in the evening, I was very agreeably surprised to find Mr. Jack Rackham awaiting my return.

He evidently was surprised, too, at my far from wobegone appearance. We chatted a long time before Jack came to the subject that I knew must be uppermost in his mind. I helped him out.

"How did the wedding go off?" I asked.

"Oh, all right," he answered. "But, I say, Teddy, after what you have told me about your cousin, I thought you would have been more upset about it."

"Upset about what?" I inquired in some surprise.

"Why, you know, about Phipson cutting in and carrying off your cousin from under your very nose."

"Jack, my dear fellow, there is a little matter of explanation necessary, which may be given in a few words. You remember my cousin, who was unwell some time ago, was advised to stay at Eastbourne for a time, and that your mother kindly offered her a home? All was so arranged, but at the eleventh hour my cousin Beatrice joined some friends going to the Continent, and left my aunt, who did not care to travel, to come home to Eastbourne in her stead. My maternal aunt is also a Miss Beatrice Symonds."

"I see, I see," exclaimed Rackham: "so Phipson has married——"

"Not my cousin—my aunt!"

Jack gave a prolonged whistle, and immediately asked:

"Is your aunt rich?"

"A hundred a year, strictly tied on her, I believe," I replied.

"By Jove! this will be a knockdown to Phipson. He is awfully mercenary. He was always asking me about her fortune. I gave him the most candid assurances concerning it. He didn't like to ask the lady, lest she took fright. Well, well, I knew no better; I never saw your cousin you know."

"No, but you shall to-night. I have had a note to say that they have arrived in town. I am expected, and you must come with me."

We went, and many times afterwards, until one day in the following spring Jack Rackham found himself assisting as best man at the wedding of another Miss Beatrice Symonds.

Jack's forecast as to Phipson did not turn out entirely correct.

It certainly was a knockdown to him when he fully realized the state of the case; but my aunt, who was a woman with a strong will and strong common sense to guide it, took matters into her own hands. The result has been that she has made Phipson a steady, plodding, prosperous man of business.

They are very comfortable, and although we have often laughed over the incidents among ourselves, I do not think anybody has the least cause to regret Phil Phipson's Choice.

SOME FOLLIES OF FASHION.

IF we wanted to be severe, we should say that fashion's record is nothing but a succession of follies; and to take even the most generous view of the matter, we should have to admit that many foolish things have been done for fashion's sake.

Every generation, indeed, has its own particular folly, or follies of fashion.

The prime folly of fashion in all ages has been that of extravagant expenditure on dress, and to this day the majority of ladies refuse to believe they can look well in a garment that is not costly.

When the Normans copied in their blouse the smock frock of the Saxon laborer, they lined it with fur, and covered it with all kinds of fantastic ornamentation, in order to make it expensive; and even in the wearing of their armor, the mediæval knights were the most abject slaves to fashion.

At one time the armor was trellised (cross barred); at another time it was mascled (lozenge shaped); then it was tegulated (in tile form); then scaled: now it was of chain mail; now of plate: fashion sometimes prescribing a nose piece for the helmet; sometimes making the head piece a barrel, a kettle, or an inverted saucepan, or changing it to a chain nightcap, or a projecting visor, with eye slits or breathing holes.

Fashion made a stand against baths in Louis XIV.'s time, and great ladies went for weeks without even washing their hands, using scent instead, but so much unhealthiness resulted from the neglect of cleanliness that the King commanded the baths to be reopened, and washing once more became fashionable.

Bathing, however, has been indulged in to a very foolish extent sometimes.

Mary Queen of Scots bathed in wine, and the Earl of Shrewsbury, while acting as her custodian, complained of the expense she entailed upon him by this luxurious custom.

The famous Nion de l'Enclos set the fashion of bathing in asses' milk.

The folly of wigs lasted from the days of Charles II. to the early years of the present century, and fashion played many curious pranks with them.

They assumed various shapes. The solitaire was an invention of Louis XV., and consisted in tying a piece of black ribbon loosely round his neck, and fastening it in a bow to his pigtail behind.

And when at last the wig was dropped, fashion insisted upon the natural hair being powdered and pomatumed so as to give the appearance of a wig.

It was, indeed, a long time before gentlemen grew bold enough to wear their hair in its own proper growth and original color.

The infirmities of illustrious personages have frequently been the means of originating special fashions.

A bald king rules, and all his people shave; a gouty monarch establishes the beauty of wide shoes; and "patches" on the cheeks of the belles of the seventeenth century were assumed out of compliment to a princess suffering from a natural eruption.

As to hoops, probably few periods have presented women in such ridiculous attire as did the time when the natural outlines of the figure were all concealed under a outwork of whalebone, wood, and steel.

The iron bodice, the stiff farthingale, and the spiral coiffure were follies of the first rank, forbidding of aspect, and detrimental to health.

The ladies of the Middle Ages, when dressed for public occasions, were like moving castles.

A semi-revival of the hoop age was witnessed some thirty years ago, when the Empress of the French introduced the fashion of crinoline, which for many years proved so fascinating to the wives and daughters of this country that, in spite of the undoubted dangers of it, they clung to it with a tenacity which, at this distance of time, seems preposterous.

Sometimes laws have been passed to enforce or prohibit certain fashions.

One of the more recent instances of this kind of legislation is afforded in the laws which the Parliaments of William III., Anne, and George I. passed in regards to the wearing of brass buttons, making it illegal for tailor to make, or customer to wear, clothes with any other buttons appended thereto than such as were made of brass.

Birmingham gained by these enactments whatever the wearers suffered by them. The penalty of making or wearing clothes with any but brass buttons upon them was forty shillings for every dozen, and the tailor was not able to recover the price of his work if the wearer thought proper to resist payment.

Fashion finds its way into many odd nooks and corners, and is by no means confined to the garments worn for ordinary external adornment.

Nightcaps were a serious concern of fashions for centuries.

Dr. Doran points out that, in the days of Elizabeth and James, no Puritan divine ever went to bed but with his head in a nightcap of black silk, tipped with white.

"Under the same sovereigns," he adds, "doctors of medicine and privy councillors sank to sleep in nightcaps wrought with gold silk. Similar headgear was worn by the princess."

It is related that at the marriage of Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II., the royal bridegroom was splendid at night in his robe of gold tissue and a nightcap wrought of gold silk.

Thus attired, he glided among the crowd of fashionable people who stood in the bedroom to greet the noble pair; and with this marriage went out the unseemly fashion of such public greetings.

In thousands of other instances the follies of fashion might be illustrated; and follies of a kindred character will continue to be perpetrated to the end of time. Perfect taste and appropriateness of costume will never prevail; for to arrive at that each would have to dress in harmony with her or his own natural self, which might give variety, but would kill fashion. Fashion lives on change.

AN OPEN CUPBOARD.—Simeon Easygo, after living sixty years on a farm, finds his quarters on shipboard somewhat cramped. He obviates the lack of space, however, by stowing his garments and shoes into a round aperture in the side of the vessel on going to bed.

Seven a. m.—Startling disclosures: "Steward, last night I put my clothes in that there cupboard, and they hain't there now."

"That ain't a cupboard; that's a portnole, sir."

Scientific and Useful.

FAT.—Fat bacon is a good food for those with a consumptive tendency; so is the homely sardine, with its wealth of oil and earthly phosphate. A well-soaked sardine, eaten bodily, bones and all, is no mean help to a consumptive patient.

NEW SCREW.—A self counter-sinking screw is a novelty. It is simply fitted with cutting teeth on the under side or bevel of the head, which cut into the wood as the screw is driven home, thus enabling the head to counter-sink itself. The channels and the teeth are both wider as they near the top of the head, thereby allowing the sawdust to escape.

ON THE WATER-LINE.—A sunken vessel, which runs flush with the water-line, and carries a powerful ram or piston driven by a steam cylinder for the purpose of ramming an enemy's vessel, has been designed in this country. The ram will be driven by a force of 150 tons, which is sufficient to pierce the side of any ironclad. The speed of the vessel will be about twenty knots an hour.

WOOD.—Lignum vitæ has long been used on the stern tubes of steam vessels and for other bearings exposed to considerable pressure. A Leipsic inventor, however, has recently brought forward a process for treating soft wood so as to render it effective for the various purposes for which lignum vitæ has hitherto been so exclusively employed. The soft wood is first impregnated with oil, after which it is subjected to great pressure, increasing the density of the material to a very great degree.

IN THE WASH-BOILER.—Attention has been drawn to the cleansing effect of petroleum on soiled clothes. The best way to employ it is to fill an average boiler, say of fourteen gallons, with water, adding half a pound of soft soap, and when all is boiling thoroughly pour in one and a half tablespoonfuls of petroleum. Then put in the clothes and boil them for half an hour before lifting them out and rinsing them in several waters. A little more soap, water and paraffin should be added to make up for loss as successive lots of the clothes are boiled.

A GOOD CEMENT FOR IRON.—The following mixture has been used with the greatest possible success for the cementing of iron railing tops, iron grating to stoves, etc.; in fact, with such effect as to resist the blows of a sledge hammer. This mixture is composed of equal parts of sulphur and white lead, with about one-sixth proportion of borax, the three being thoroughly incorporated together, so as to form one homogeneous mass. When the application is to be made of this composition, it is wet with strong sulphuric acid, and a thin layer of it is placed between the two pieces of iron, these being at once pressed together. In five days it will be perfectly dry, all traces of the cement having vanished, and the work having every appearance of welding.

Farm and Garden.

FOWLS.—Fowls that are killed directly from a free range, where they have been bountifully fed for some time previously, but have taken plenty of exercise, and in perfect health, are to be preferred for the table to those that have been kept in a close coop.

THE RIGHT TIME.—The largest branch starts from a bud, which a slight movement of the fingers would have broken off. By going over young trees and rubbing off buds that appear where branches are not needed, there will be little pruning to be done when the trees come into bearing.

HORSE-RAISING.—A prosperous Missouri farmer remarks that when he raises a crop he has to ship it to market to obtain a sale for it; but when he raises a horse the buyer comes to him, and buys his product. A little horse sense of this character will open the eyes of hundreds of farmers in this State, and not before it is needed, either.

CALVES.—A grass plot, with no shade from the sun, and where flies are numerous and diligent, is not the best place for calves. But if the calves be kept in a dark, cool stable during the hot days of fly time, and turned out for the evenings and nights, the protection of the soiling system will be coupled with the benefit of exercise and feed outside.

THE SHOES.—Watch the blacksmiths and do not allow them to burn the hoof with a hot shoe because it is easier to do this than to trim or file the hoof smooth. Burning ruins the walls of the feet so that it will not retain the shoe so long, besides rendering it so brittle that a heavy strain upon it will cause it to break; and if the shoe comes off on the road the hoof is likely to go to pieces before you can reach the shop.

BUTTERMILK.—Farmer's families seldom appreciate what a delicious and healthful drink they have in home-made buttermilk. It was the fashionable drink in Philadelphia and New York last summer, and brokers, bankers and merchants indulged in it at three cents a glass, from street stands or wagons. Ice is not an essential where a beverage can be stood to cool in a porous earthen jar in a cold cellar or milk-room, such as belongs to every farm-house.

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Much in Little.

If all life-lore could be concentrated into one axiom, that of the stitch in time would be the wise man's device.

It includes for one the misunderstandings which, be as careful as one may, will arise between friends.

That "something light as air," that gossamer thread of suspicion, of displeasure, of misreading, detaches itself from the solid garment of affection, and incontinently the stout well-knitted fabric begins to unravel.

A frank demand for a frank explanation would have cleared away the misunderstanding, and would have been the stitch in time to save not only nine but the whole concern.

That something light as air was a mere cobweb—a fancy—a suspicion—an idea—no more solid than the cloud which looks from a distance to be a solid entity, and when near at hand is found to be as unsubstantial as a dream. It could have been brushed away with a feather.

The dropped stitch might have been fastened back with a hair; but the first beginnings were neglected, and that hole in the well-built dike through which the waters began to ooze, so gently, so slowly, that a boy's finger could stop them, became a breach which swept away farms and homesteads, brave men and noble women, little children, cattle, etc., and left the whole face of the country scarred and desolate

Quarrels follow the same law. That stitch in time, the "soft answer which turneth away wrath," has been neglected, and in its place rent added to rent, thrust for thrust and goad for spur, bring the inevitable result of total disruption, unmendable disintegration.

Two irascible people make but short work of peace and amity.

When they come together in the bonds of matrimony they come only to part when the cat-and-dog life they lead has become insupportable.

Had one of the two just so much respect for this old adage of ours as to forbear to snarl when the other growls—to stitch back the hanging hook, the loosened tape, before weakness of attachment becomes total severance—the thing would have worn into its fitting groove like many another angular marriage.

But there was none of this wisdom; so quarrels begat quarrels, and weakness became dissolution, and what a little forbearance and patience and foresight might have made a success, fell to pieces as a failure; and two people were left bruised and maimed and stranded on the shore of desolation, all for want of that stitch in time—that soft answer which turneth away wrath.

What is true of these habits is true also of all habits of every kind.

Human nature is at once plastic and rigid. It runs easily into a mould, but it sets as easily as it runs.

That extra glass, taken once or twice for the nameless "sinking" which impatience will not bear and for which imprudence demands a "pick me up," soon becomes a habit which has to be perpetually renewed and as perpetually increased.

The habit, so easy to have been checked in the beginning, becomes the overmastering and overwhelming controller of destiny; and destruction and disgrace follow on the failure to put in that stitch in time which would have saved all.

So with gambling, so with indolence, so with evil speaking, so with meanness, and on to the end of the catalogue.

"Small habits well pursued betimes may reach the dignity of crimes," says Mrs. Hannah More.

MANY a child goes astray simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunshine. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh and fault-finding is ever going on, children spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother then try to be happy; let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

As a general rule, confidence of success is almost success; and obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to overcome them. There is something in resolution which has an influence beyond itself; all is prostration where it appears.

GREAT talents for conversation should be attended with great politeness. He who eclipses others owes them great civilities; and whatever a mistaken vanity may tell us, it is better to please in conversation than to shine in it.

DELAY is fatal to all social well being and happiness. In our relations with others nothing is more needful than to do quickly that which we are able to do for their comfort and pleasure.

NOTHING more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself were perpetual it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

CLEAR thoughts patiently worked out and freely interchanged before action is called for, are the only means of making that action wise, permanent and effective.

A VULGAR man in any ill that happens to him blames others; a novice in philosophy blames himself; a philosopher blames neither the one nor the other.

AFFECTATION is certain deformity; by forming themselves on fantastic models, the young begin with being ridiculous and often end in being vicious.

WHAT stubbing, ploughing, digging and harrowing is to land, that thinking, reflecting and examining is to the mind.

THEN truly innocent are those who are not only themselves innocent, but think that others are so.

CONTENTMENT does not demand conditions, it makes them.

The World's Happenings.

A 5-year old child in Monson, Me., is said to speak three languages.

During the past year there were 2,151,515,360 cigarettes made in this country.

There are about a hundred species of mosquito in the world, occurring in all climes.

A new enterprise at Bangor, Me., is the shipping of sawdust in bales to various parts of the country.

At Prattville, Ala., Ira Davis, colored, fell into an 82-foot well without killing himself or even breaking any bones.

Suicide among German officers increases shockingly. During May 33 shot themselves, and the number for June was larger still.

Aunt Beda Hemingway died at Fair Haven, Conn., recently, aged 99 years. She never was 20 miles from her home in her life.

A newspaper on classical language is published fortnightly in Italy. It is full of anecdotes, jokes and verses in classical dress.

The Shah shocks Parisians by dousing his peaches in a sauce composed of vinegar and pepper, and by having grapes with his roast meat.

A rustic bridge just completed in Houston county, Ga., contains fifty-seven different kinds of wood and vines, and all were grown in the county.

It is said that a part of Queen Victoria's savings has been invested in real estate in New York city, and that each year she draws a handsome income from the rentals.

In New Haven, Conn., recently, a traveling salesman was fined $6.42 in the police court for getting into an open freight car to escape a shower. He had been calling and had no umbrella.

The stealing of an umbrella on a clear day is held to be a theft by an Omaha judge, but the stealing of the same article on a rainy day is said to be justifiable on the ground of self-defense.

A lad of 13 Adolphus A. C. Logan, who reached Castle Garden the other day, had a tag tied around his neck telling his destination—the home of an aunt in Eureka, California. He came from Scotland.

The latest addition to the methods of suicide has been furnished by a soldier in Flensburg, Prussia, who loaded a cannon and killed himself standing in front of it, after having ignited a slow match.

A Boston paper has obtained the opinion of a number of physicians on the use of ice-water, with the following result: Good if not taken to excess, 12; better let it alone, 7; non-committal, 3; very beneficial, 18.

A Chicopee, Mass., shoemaker, in his desire to get the prize offered for the best guess of the number of marbles in a big boot, made a boot of the same size, he thought, and filled it with marbles. His guess was 2000 out of the way.

Prince Bismarck has a Varzin 22 000 acres, of which 15,000 are covered with glorious forests of oak and beech. His home farm consists of 400 acres, and the remainder of the cleared land is set in farms of about 700 acres each.

"Jack the Peeper," as he is called, has thrown many women into a ferment in various parts of Elizabeth, N. J., within the past few months by appearing in their sleeping apartments about midnight, and then disappearing as mysteriously as he had come.

The latest development of the slot machine is a brass frame enclosing the city directory, which permits the volume to be opened only when a cent has been inserted in the slot. It is hailed as a blessing by druggists and others whose directories are in constant demand by the public.

Honey bees that come from nobody knows where, are making life miserable around Reno, Nevada. They invade dwellings, and have forced several families to vacate portions of their homes. One man has killed 12 swarms this season, but the bees seem to be as numerous as ever.

Luke Crawford, of Thomaston, Ga., is the champion horse swapper of that place. He had one day three horses, altogether not worth $200, and during the day traded 35 times and quit with one horse, it being one of the same he started with. He also had as a result of the day's work $30 in money, a bull and a buggy.

The friends of temperance in England are grieved by statistics that seem to show that drunkenness is increasing there faster than the means taken to suppress it. The consumption of liquor has fallen off, but the cases of drunkenness grow in number with remarkable rapidity. Liverpool is the most drunken city.

A little girl fell off a three story house, near Boston, and wasn't injured in the slightest. There were three children on the roof (they went there to play) and all of them lost their footing owing to the damp condition of the shingles, but two succeeded in grasping the gutter and retaining their hold until assistance arrived.

The total area in square miles of the British Empire is 9,416,032. Of this 121,283 miles are in Europe, 1,709 569 in Asia, 769,341 in Africa, 3 172,040 in Australia, 457 in Oceanica, 3,523,489 in North America, 7,913 in the West Indies, and 115 800 in South America. The total population is 312 903,710, of which 261 314 820 are in Asia, and 37,761 714 in Europe.

Tricky John McGee's way of robbing Fifth avenue, New York, coaches was very simple. McGee always took a seat beside the drop-your-fare-in-here box. He would collect the fares from ladies and drop a white penny in the box After doing this a number of times he would get into another stage, where he would repeat the operation. But John himself is now in the slot, for John's in jail.

A messenger boy called at the home of a Brooklyn woman, Mrs. Mary Haggerton's, early on a recent morning, with a note calling her to the bedside of a dying sister at West Farms, New York. Mrs. Haggerton and her daughter left home at once, but when they arrived at West Farms they discovered that the letter was bogus. They hurried home and found that the house had been ransacked from top to bottom, and jewelry, clothing, etc., to the value of over $300, carried off.

HAPPINESS.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Happiness was born a twin, 'tis said;
True Love must be the other.
And both together born and bred,
Make all mankind their brother.

We ever seek ephemeral joys,
And chase each will o' wisp;
That proves like childhood's broken toys,
Babes weep for while they lisp.

But men and women should be wise,
And look from earth to Heaven;
Where loving happiness ne'er dies,
Where no fond heart is riven!

A Life Tragedy.

BY KEITH CHRISTIE.

A PURPLE bank of clouds "fringed with fire" darkened the sky where the sun had just dipped wrathfully below the world's rim.

The light was still on the bay; and the water was crimson, as though, like the prophet's rod, the red wand of the sunset had touched the waves to blood.

Threatening clouds were massed in angry medley all round the horizon; and ever and again a blast of wind swept darkly across the calm surface of the water, like a troubled smile across a sleeping face, and foretold the awakening of the storm.

The lights of Paignton twinkled in the distance, and from the houses of Torquay, rising in terraces one above another, household lamps flashed a meek defiance at the angry sky.

At the pier-end, where one solitary lamp was lighted, two men stood watching a little craft speeding away southwards towards the dark clouds.

There were light little yachts safely moored in the harbor, and on board of these reigned a pleasant bustle of dinner; but far away beyond the bar the white sails of the out going vessel were fading in the gathering darkness.

"It will be a coarse night; the 'White Rose' had better have stayed in harbor," said one of the men, turning from his critical survey of the boat.

"Ay; she couldn't outlive a squall. But likely she'll put into Brixham if she sees the storm coming up."

"I doubt it'll be on her before she sees it," was the reply.

"Well, I'll just turn in myself, so good night, mate."

The man walked away, leaving his companion to stand straining his eyes after the yacht till she faded from his sight in the darkness.

But he was not the only spectator interested in her movements. On the rock-walk a woman stood gazing seaward, her wild eyes fixed despairingly on the receding sails of the vessel.

She gathered her shawl round her, shivering as a blast keener than usual pierced through her thin gown to her aching limbs.

It was not the cold wind that had brought that despairing look to her face, nor fear for the yacht that had summoned the tears to her eyes.

The outward physical conditions only emphasized those of her inner life; and some vague, scarcely developed thought of the resemblance between herself and the storm-threatened vessel had stirred her sleeping misery into conscious anguish.

She wrung her hands wildly, the action causing the flowers she held to fall from her chilled fingers.

They lay unheeded at her feet, and she trod recklessly on them when at length she turned fiercely from the sea and continued her way homeward.

Gesture and passion were both inconsistent with her appearance.

Her slim, girlish figure was soft and dainty; her face fair and gentle, with great Madonna eyes of lovely blue; and face and figure seemed created more for the soft amenities of life than for the cruel realities of existence.

At the first glance she seemed but a child, for her face was full of an innocent wonder that is rarely seen except in childhood; but looking more closely you saw that she was a woman, and in her eye was the still depth of feeling that motherhood brings.

Rose Earnshaw was only nineteen, yet she had known travail of birth and death. A twelvemonth before her husband had sailed away for the south, in whose treacherous seas his vessel had been wrecked.

The sea had claimed him; and when she slept at night she woke in shuddering terror from the dreams in which she had seen him lying, a pale corpse, down under the green, waving waters that held the secret of his fate.

Then the baby had been born; and Rose had wept, longing vainly that the stern man could have taken his little son in his arms before he had sailed away on that long voyage.

Since that time she had wept for a grimmer reason. Hunger is a more practical thing than loneliness; and in this everyday world it is easier for the spirit to want than for the body to lack.

Rose could live without love, but not without bread, and since in her case the one included the other, she had to weep for herself and the child depending on her.

She thought longingly of the little Devonshire village where she had lived before her marriage; but, even if she had had money for the journey, it was not worth while returning to it, for the mossy, thatched cottage standing among the lichen-armored apple trees had lost its tenants.

The clematis threw its long tendrils across the hedge where grew the green fronds of hart's tongue and polypodium, and the trailing ivy and sweet earthy mosses; where in the springtime the primroses smiled and the daffodils laughed.

The catkins hung their downy tassels on high, and the pink apple blossoms decked the old trees as gaily this spring as they had done three years ago; but, for Rose, the charm of the place had gone with the passing away of the old people.

Under the laden apple-boughs, through the moist, ferny lanes, up across the sloping field fragrant with meadowsweet, the mourners had wound, bearing the two to the old gray church on the hilltop; and Rose, away in her seaside home, had been comforted for the loss of her parents by her husband's love.

And now he too had been taken; and the only thing left to her was the baby, of whom hunger threatened to rob her.

He would even then be crying for his mother; and at the thought she quickened her pace, and walked swiftly along the pretty green lane towards Cockington.

She had been away all the afternoon selling flowers on the strand, and it was time that she was returning to the fretful baby. The neighbor in whose charge he had been left gave him into her tired arms with a sigh of relief.

"I'm glad enough to see you back; such a time as I have had with the child—nasty, bad-tempered, little thing! You must take him with you to-morrow, for I'll have nothing more to do with him."

She glanced vindictively at the baby's tearful face; and Rose held her boy closer to her breast at the ill-natured words. She entered the cottage and seated herself wearily, looking tenderly down at the tear-swollen face pressed against her bosom.

It was drawn and wizened like that of an old, old man; and the eyes looked out with a weird comprehension that made his silence strange and unnatural.

He seemed to know so much, and yet he could not give utterance to the thoughts that oppressed his young understanding.

But to Rose it appeared that the baby knew all about her bitter struggle with poverty. Try as she might she could make only the barest subsistence.

The child prevented her finding work away from home, and the sewing she had been doing had come to an end with the winter.

Thus she had eked out her means by selling flowers in Torquay; but her slender purse had almost reached its limits, and the flower trade had begun to fail with the coming in of the spring blossoms.

Every day she took up her position on the strand along with the other flower-vendors; but she had not the assurance success demands, and she shrank timidly away and gave place to the women who plied their trade without unnecessary disqualifying modesty.

More than half her stock was always unsold, and she saw she would have to find more lucrative employment if she and the boy were to live.

But the law of gravity makes an insecure footing preferable to no footing at all; and the law of hunger—a grimmer and equally inevitable force—made her cling to the trade that at least provided bread, rather than forsake it for an uncertain provision.

So each day she stood, trying to attract the attention of the brilliant crowd that promenaded gayly, giving no thought to the ragged edges fringing the under-garments of society—the ragged edge, its rags hidden by flowers in the sharp irony of pathos, that obtruded itself even here, where wealth and fashion and the velvet pile of rank were elaborated in human lives.

She had never taken her boy to the strand, but on the following day she carried him wearily along the pretty lanes, where the hawthorn-trees bore their burden of blossom so lightly, and where the earth was full of budding promise, to the town, where she took up her old position on the pavement.

There she offered her dainty wares—cowled violets, sweet and dewy; starry primroses, about which lingered a perfume faint as the smiles on dead faces; daffodils that laughed at life; and sprays of willow and budding hawthorn.

The child slept on her breast, his face flushed in slumber, and Rose smiled as she lifted her pale face to the sunlight. It was such a bright day that she could not altogether despair.

The waves flashed and sparkled, and the boats tossed merrily on the bright waters, dancing to the music of the band.

The yachts in the harbor spread their white wings, and dipped gracefully with the roll of the waves, in mocking defiance of their power.

The gay groups thronged the walks; the midges rattled past with bright-faced occupants; stolidly respectable carriages rolled by them, like prim dowagers looking askance at flighty misses; there a piquant French demoiselle flirted a scarlet parasol at an ancient beau; and here fashionable fops danced attendance on wholesome English girls.

All was life and laughter, and no one gave a sigh for the "White Rose" that a few hours before had gone down beneath the dark waves during the stormy night; even Rose's face, smiling with hope, did not emphasize the obverse of the cheerful picture.

"Oh, mamma, what a dear little baby! I must buy some flowers from its mother."

A little girl had paused beside her, and Rose turned at the voice.

"Violets, lady? See, these are fresh and sweet," she said, offering the best bunch in her basket to the child who had poked her boy.

"Wait a minute, Ida; to whom are you speaking?"

A coarse looking woman, vulgarly dressed, stopped in her walk, and, adjusting her dress, stared rudely at Rose.

Social affectations are not a good medium through which to view human merit; and the dress distorted the lady's moral perceptions. She turned to her companion with an audible aside:

"One can easily see what she is; so young too! Fancy parading a child like that; those creatures have no shame! Come away, Ida; if you want flowers you can buy them from some one else."

Rose heard the whole, and her face burned at the gross outrage of the words.

Instinctively she would have brought her wedding-ring into notice, but the boy was sleeping on her left arm, and she would not disturb him even to give the lie to the calumny.

She sold no more flowers that day, and wearily and dispiritedly she dragged herself home; the tired baby, the withered flowers, the fading day, all being emblems of the hope that had perished in her heart.

From that day the luck was all against her.

Whether because she was too dispirited to exert herself, or because of the fate that hounds the unfortunate to their doom, the morning following the loss of the "White Rose" was the last day of even a tolerable success.

She had had to sell her wedding-ring; and when the few shillings that remained from the sale were gone there was nothing but starvation before her.

"You'll have to take the child to the workhouse," the woman with whom she lodged said to her. "You are dead beat, and not fit to go on as you've been doing. The workhouse is the best place for people what can't keep body and soul together out of it."

Rose's face flushed, and she caught the child to her breast.

"They would take him from me," she cried; "I would rather die than part with him!"

"Just as you like," said the woman, shrugging her shoulders. "But, if I was you, I wouldn't let a fretful little brat like that stand in my way. You could go to service if you got rid of him, and then your troubles would be over."

"He's such a tender little fellow," said Rose wistfully; "he would die if I left him. I couldn't do it. We must do the best we can; and, if we die, death can only come once."

"It would be the best thing for the child, at any rate, for you can't nurse him and keep your strength up on nothing. But you're a young woman to talk so easy of dying; when you are my age you will take a tighter hold of life. We're like the trees—the older we get the faster rooted we are. But, workhouse or not, you must find another place, for I can't afford to keep lodgers for nothing."

Rose looked into the stern face before her, and she saw there was no relenting on the iron-hard countenance.

"I have a shilling or two left," she said; "I can pay for a week's lodging."

"That's all I want to know," was the grim answer.

And Rose turned miserably away and dragged her weary steps to the town again.

Her flowers were poor and faded, and she was ashamed to offer them for sale; but she stood beside the pavement hoping her miserable poverty would plead for her.

"Oh, mamma, there is that little baby again! But how ill it looks! Do you think it is dying?"

It was little Ida, walking by with the two ladies; and for an instant hope struggled in Rose's heart as they stopped to look at the child. But hope died at the first words.

"Dying! I hope so. There is no room for such children in the world."

The lady glanced critically at the shrinking woman, then she turned away with a careless—

"Ah, I thought so. Did you see she had no ring?"

The trio passed on, leaving Rose thrilling with indignant shame.

Her eyes flashed angrily, and the hot color mounted to her cheeks, giving her for the moment all the old beauty of which sorrow and want had deprived her.

Her breast heaved passionately, and her whole bearing was full of a proud dignity as she bent to the child.

Was it true? Was the baby dying?

She kissed the white little face, unconscious of amused eyes that had watched the little scene; and presently a man sauntered across the pavement, and carelessly turned over the flowers in the basket.

"How much?" he asked nonchalantly.

Rose raised her pathetic eyes to him; and he dropped the flowers and fixed his bold look on the face so beautiful in its outraged modesty.

"A penny a bunch," she answered timidly, conscious that they were not worth the price.

"I will take two," he said, throwing sixpence into the basket. "No, I don't want the change; it will buy a toy for the child."

Then he bent towards her, and spoke in a low tone; and his words made her start from him in fear:

"I will give you gold for a kiss."

* * * * * *

It was true that the boy was dying; and though Rose closed her eyes and refused to see it, she could not blind her heart to the terrible truth.

The woman with whom she lodged gave her no sympathy. She disliked children, and especially the puny baby whose constant wailing disturbed her sleep; and she would make no effort to help its mother.

"It's just as well the child should die," she said. "You'll be free then, and a bonnie lass like you will soon get wed. A child like that is nothing but a torment to everybody, and the world will be well quit of it."

The mother could not bear the words, and she fled from the cottage with her boy into the meadows, where nature was kind and the sunlight was free, and the fresh air blew as softly for the poor as for the rich.

She seated herself under a hedge and gazed at the little face, and she could no longer remain blind to the change that had been going on.

The weeks that had crowned the year with blossom and beauty had laid the white flower of death on the baby's brow.

The lambs frisked merrily around them; the fat young birds chirped in their nests; the bee droned past with well-filled honey-bags; and among all God's creatures they were the only two for whom no provision had been made.

The boy woke crying, and she laid him against her breast; but his eager lips turned unsatisfied away, and a horrible despair filled the mother's heart.

Even nature had failed her, and had dried the springs of maternal succor. Now indeed starvation was before the child.

Her bosom was torn with sobs, and she laid him down among the flowers on the

fresh grass and wept unrestrainedly in her misery.

Attracted by the daisies and buttercups the baby ceased his wailing, and lay quietly, languidly pulling the blossoms; and when his mother bent over him in her passionate grief, he lifted his little hands full of cowslips and pressed them against her mouth.

"Oh, the pretty, pretty flowers!" the poor mother cried, glad to divert him from his hunger. "See, darling, mother will kiss the pretty gold cowslips for her baby."

At the words she started back, as though the flowers had stung her, while a deep wave of color passed over face, and neck, and brow.

"Kiss—the gold—cowslips!" she repeated vaguely, wondering that the innocent words should give her such an agony of shame.

And then she remembered:

"I will give you gold for a kiss."

The words throbbed in her ears, and she let the flowers fall and covered her face with her hands.

"Gold for a kiss!"

She had nothing but kisses to give the child who needed gold.

"Gold for a kiss!"

If she took one of those kisses and bartered it for the boy's sake who could blame her?

She had done everything; she had tried every means in her power to save him, and had failed. And now nature, too, was against her, and she must get money or see the baby die.

"Baby, baby, what am I to do? Would he love mother less if she did it for his sake? Oh, my baby, mother would give more than life to save her boy!"

The terrible tears of a great anguish dropped heavily down her wan cheeks, and she pressed her lips passionately against the child's mouth.

"Kiss them, darling, kiss them!" she sobbed; "to-morrow they will not be fit for baby's kisses."

She raised herself again, and the child looked up wonderingly at her as the hot tears fell on his face.

In the sunlight they flashed and glittered like diamonds, and with a strange, old-fashioned smile he put up his hands to catch them.

The smile broke the poor woman's heart, and she caught the little hands and kissed the tear-drops from them.

"You forgive me, my baby! And father will forgive me too up in heaven, for I do it to save his child."

And the lark sang joyously overhead, the butterflies flitted past, the blue skies smiled, the green corn bent beneath the south wind, and nothing in the wide meadow gave a sign for the woman's misery.

Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it, Othello!

But the boy pulled the yellow blossoms and lay contentedly on the grass, knowing nothing of the golden flower of sacrifice the mother had plucked for his sake.

And at length, with a stern resolve upon her young face, Rose lifted her child and passed from the smiling meadow into the dark lane, where the hedge rose steeply from either bank, and the trickling moisture oozed slowly from the rotten undergrowth, and where slimy things crept away to hide from the happy sunshine.

The bitter desolation in her heart urged her to death; but the clinging baby lips at her bosom forbade her to seek the great solution of life's mystery.

Life, not death, demanded a victim; and she nerved herself for the sacrifice with the strength of a mother's infinite love.

* * * * * *

The hot sun beat down on Torquay with all the force of the summer afternoon as Rose stepped briskly towards the station.

The tide was coming in, and all along the sea-wall on the Torquay Road the sad monotone of the waves followed her—a dismal accompaniment to the joyous beat of her heart.

She looked at the long level lines of surf flashing like burnished silver, and a smile as bright flashed across her face as she glanced at the boy laughing in her arms.

Three months had passed since that May morning when her heart had failed her; and the days had changed the puny baby into a rosy, healthy boy.

Rose, too, had lost her starved appearance; but her beautiful eyes were full of a piteous sadness, and it was only when they fell on the child that the shadows passed from them.

Life had dealt hardly with her, and the three months had erased from her face the wonder and innocence that had given her such a childish air.

At nineteen she was a woman old in sorrow and knowledge of life. To-day nothing but gladness should have been in her heart, for she was on her way to meet her husband, restored to her from the dead.

By a strange freak of fortune Roger Earnshaw had been rescued from the ill-fated vessel, and in another hour he would clasp in his arms the child he had never expected to see.

* * * * * *

That evening the three strolled out together, Roger carrying the boy, and Rose hanging on his arm.

There was a feverish excitement in her manner, and she urged her husband on towards the promontory known as Hope's Nose.

He was willing enough to saunter on in the calm beauty of the summer evening; and they walked together round the Nose and along the narrow path on the edge of the high cliffs.

There was not room here for two to walk abreast, and Rose took the child and followed her husband along the undulating pathway; then as they went she told him her story.

Roger went forward stolidly; with dark brows listening to the recital of the bitter struggle for life, of the hard fate that had pursued her, of the daily fading away of the boy, and the mother's agony at seeing him dying for lack of food.

Then, in her direst need, she had earned a sum of money that had averted want, and had enabled her to buy the fittings of a tiny shop which had since supported herself and the child.

Roger paused on the narrow footpath and fronted his wife when she ceased speaking. Her face was streaming with tears, and she trembled under his glance.

He was a stern, hot-tempered man, and bit his lips fiercely that she should have suffered all this, but he only said, almost carelessly:

"You have had a hard fight for it. But how did you get the money that set you up in business?"

Rose shrank from him; while the tears coursed pitifully down his cheeks. She had known that this moment would overtake her, and its shadow had been cast over the brightness of Roger's homecoming.

She thought she had tasted the bitterness of death three months ago, but the bitter draught of life that she must drink to the dregs was a yet more terrible thing.

She cowered before his eyes, and held the boy towards him, saying with heart-breaking pathos:

"O Roger, look at him and forget me! See, he does not love me less for it. Look at his little fat arms, and his rosy face, and see if he blames me! I couldn't let him die of hunger, and—O Roger! I sold myself to save him."

"What do you mean?" Earnshaw cried, seizing her roughly by the arm, while his face grew white under the suggestion of a horrible dread. "Don't stand crying there, and don't speak in riddles. Tell me what you mean."

Her eager voice ceased, and Roger looked fiercely into her eye, wondering at the light on it that made her appear strangely radiant and pure.

He dropped the arm he had seized so savagely, and sighed with relief as he dismissed the overpowering dread from his mind.

"I have been true to you!"

He could not but believe the words; yet, if his fears were unfounded, what was the meaning of his wife's agitation?

"I don't understand you," he said. "What did you mean by selling yourself?"

A quiver passed over her face, but she answered simply: "I meant that, Roger, I did it to buy food for the child."

The man fell back stunned by the words; and then his savage nature woke ten times more furious for the momentary lulling to rest of his suspicions, and an oath sprang from his lips with the loathsome name he hurled at his wife.

She shrank as from a blow, and the child in her arms stirred with a feeble cry. Mechanically she soothed it, gazing at her husband with the eyes of an animal wounded to death; then she sprang to his side.

"Roger! Roger! strike me, punish me; do anything but call me that. I am not that—not vile. Let me tell you—let me explain! See, I kneel at your feet, dear. Do anything—anything, only don't go away believing me that."

She sank on the pathway before him, but he spurned her brutally.

"Get up, and let me pass! No, I won't hear; you are no wife of mine. I disown you; I don't want explanations; you can't touch pitch and be clean. I'll never see your face again."

At the harsh words she sprang to her feet, and threw herself upon his neck with passionate weeping, and broken words of love and entreaty.

He would not listen to her, and with a fierce oath he flung mother and child from him and strode rapidly away.

Below him the sea slept in the sunset, and a pearly light was diffused over the waters of the bay.

The white rocks at Anstey's Cove rose like ghostly forms from the green waves; and no sound broke the stillness but the tread of Roger's hastening footsteps, and the sad undertones of the moaning waters beating on the rocks below.

The light had almost faded when Rose stirred from the spot where she had fallen.

She was faint from loss of blood, for she had struck her head against a sharp point of rock, and had been unconscious for many hours.

In spite of her fall the baby was still tightly clutched in her arms, and instinctively she laid her cheek against his face.

She shivered as her lips touched the little ice-cold face; and she rose unsteadily and looked about her.

The continuous beat of the waves seemed to dull her senses; and she gazed vaguely and uncomprehendingly at the opalescent waters. Then her eyes came back to the child, and rested blankly on his face.

How pale and still he looked! And how blue the little hands seemed. Rose took the tiny fingers in hers and chafed them tenderly.

They had closed over a flower, and she opened them with vague curiosity to see what they were guarding so carefully.

It was a dry and faded cowslip; and at sight of the flower the events of the past returned with sudden poignant agony to her mind.

But in vain she strove to think clearly; her mind had room only for the overwhelming anguish of the day. Her husband had judged her as society had judged her before. She had lost herself in saving her boy.

She fondled his strangely cold face, smiling contentedly that her fall had not awakened him.

"The little baby that the world has no room for," she said, pressing her lips to his marble forehead, and murmuring brokenly that there was room for him in mother's heart.

The child did not move, and she pushed his hair from his forehead and gazed at him with bewildered eyes, wondering at his strange stillness.

Thought was again becoming difficult, and a curious throbbing in her head made her feel as though she were suffocating.

"No one wants us, baby dear; no one but God," she murmured. "We will go to Him together, you and me. The sea is kinder than the earth, and the waves are warm in the summer-time. They make room for everybody, not like the world——"

She paused breathless, and a gray pallor overspread her face. A horrible faintness was paralyzing her limbs, and she rose tremblingly, and staggered to the edge of the steep cliff, still holding the child in her arms.

She had barely reached the verge when a strange, despairing cry rang across the water; and some sailors passing below looked up, to see a woman stand for a moment, tottering perilously near the brink of the precipice.

Then, with a sound of slow horrible crashing, the trees and shrubs on the cliff-side parted, and the lifeless bodies of mother and child sank down, down towards the cruel rocks and towards the moaning sea.

And the black night drew its curtains over the tragedy that the day had witnessed.

A Lover's Tiff.

BY E. W. P.

"REALLY, Gwen, you are too exacting!"

The speaker was a tall, handsome man, of about seven-and-twenty. His forehead was wrinkled, and he pulled his moustache irritably as he stood in the pretty morning-room of Abbotshurst.

She whom he addressed was a charmingly-pretty girl, some five years his junior; fair, with bright, healthful complexion, and one of the sweetest expressions usually; but now the red lips were half pouted, the graceful head erected rather scornfully.

"My opinion is quite the contrary. I think I am just in what I say. Still, do as you please; I have no right to dictate, of course. Only it is a pity our minds should be so little in harmony."

She was in morning toilet, and already had her hat on. Now, taking a basket, which was on the table near, she stepped into the garden, and crossed the velvety lawn to the carriage gates.

The young fellow looked after, made a half step to follow, restraining the impulse, flung himself into a chair, exclaiming:

"No! It is her fault this time. I'll not give in. There must be a line drawn somewhere. If she loves me she will see I am right. She must!"

Gwen had already. Half-way across the lawn she reflected:

"Poor Paul! He is right. I am exacting. What can such a trifle matter to me? I think verily I plague him because I know he loves me so much!"

She fully expected he would follow, and prepared to smile for his reception. Then she was vexed at his non-appearance. Then at the gate she paused. Should she go back to him?

Oh, dear no; that would be a far too great concession; it was but a lover's tiff. So she held her head higher, though her heart was sore, and passing into the road, went quickly towards the village.

Gwen was the only daughter of Lady Ryall, a widow, and the Lady Bountiful of Abbotshurst. She was betrothed to her cousin, Captain Paul, and affairs had flowed very well until this tiff.

On this morning she had intended him to carry her basket, and leaving it at Dame Hodge's, who was down with bronchitis, go with her for a ramble through the lovely hop-gardens.

But this was all stopped. So Gwen determined to act the good Samaritan in the village, and paid her first visit to her nurse, of whom she had been lately somewhat neglectful.

Dame Wyett was bustling about in her cottage, as neat as her simple cotton dress, and as bright as her clear apple-cheek, healthful face.

"Dear, and is it you, Miss Gwen!" exclaimed the old woman. "Why, it's just a week since I've caught a glimpse of you. But you look bonnie!"

"Yes," smiled Gwen, taking the chair the nurse dusted and placed. "I fear I have been rather neglectful of my duties. Where is Maggie?"

"Ah, Miss Gwen, that's a bit of trouble I have. The lass hasn't looked herself for the last few days; so when she said she'd just go to Winstrop for a day or two, and see her brother and the children, I agreed, miss. It would cheer her up, you know."

"So my foster-sister really consented to leave you for so long," laughed Gwen; "and—also Edward North?"

"Yes, miss," answered the nurse. "But she's the greatest comfort I have on earth. Dear, dear! if anything happened her it would just kill me off straight, that it would. And the girl loves me, miss, just as fondly as I do her. Only think," proceeded the old woman, smiling, yet with tears in her eyes, "though she but left yesterday, she wrote me a letter. I got it this morning. Here it is."

She took it from behind a china shepherdess on the mantelpiece, and regarded it proudly.

"To fancy a child of mine, miss, could write so pretty a hand! That's owing to your kindness. I can't read a line; but I have been looking at it; and I was hurrying my work to come up to Abbotshurst to ask if you'd kindly read it to me, miss? Maggie said once, if she ever was away and wrote, she knew you would kindly read her letters."

"Of course I will, dear nurse," answered Gwen, extending her hand for the missive. "No doubt you are anxious."

Dame Wyett handed it, saying:

"Thank you kindly, miss. Just one instant, and I'll be able to sit quiet and listen to what the lass has to say."

She trotted into the room adjoining, and Gwen examined the letter. At the first glance she became curious. The postmark was not Winstrop, but a village nearly eight miles away.

Maggie knew no one there, Gwen was sure. Surprised, she drew out and began to read the letter. In a few seconds she was absorbed and horrified by the contents:

"My Own Dear, Dear Mother:

"Forgive me the bitter sorrow I shall cause you; but I can't help it—indeed, I can't. I can't bear life any longer; I am so—so miserable! I know it's wicked to say so; but I repeat, I can't help it. My head's so bad, and I'm so wretched.

"I've quarrelled with Ned. It was all my fault. Yes, mother dear, all. You know Miss Gwen once told me I was a coquette; and she was right, though I never meant harm. I never really loved anyone but Ned. It was, I think, because I loved him that I liked to make him jealous. But, mother dear, I carried it too far the other day, because he had made me angry. He grew angry too, and we quarrelled. He said we'd best part. He held out his hand. I wouldn't take it, and he left me in a passion.

"Mother dear, I hear he has gone away; he vows he'll never see me again; that, in his fury, he has engaged himself to another. Oh! mother, mother! I have ruined his happiness and my own. I cannot live. Forgive me!—forgive me! I am not worthy anyone's love. Death is sweeter than life. When I'm dead, tell Ned I never loved anyone like him. Ask him to pardon me; and oh, mother dear! don't—don't grieve for me; only can I be happy when I can forget. Heaven forgive me, and bless you.

"Your foolish, unhappy
"Maggie."

Gwen read, a chilling horror at her heart, her color gone, her complexion white to the lips.

Maggie, her pretty, wayward, coquettish foster-sister, the belle of the village, had quarrelled with her real true love, and, in despair, evidently contemplated taking her life, so young, and, until now, so bright and gay.

The girl rose from her chair! What was to be done? If not too late, Maggie must be saved. What could Gwen do? She was ready to do anything; but what?

As she stood terrified, bewildered, fresh trouble arrived. The voice of Dame Wyett sounded from the inner room, apologizing for being so long, but she would soon be there. Was Maggie better?

Gwen dropped back into the seat, overwhelmed. How could she read such a letter to the poor mother? Impossible! It would kill her. If it had to be done, Gwen could never do it.

Her first impulse was to fly; but her limbs failed her. Her brain whirled, for she felt she was losing valuable time—that Maggie's life might depend upon seconds.

Oh! what could she do? How could she spare the poor old mother, and save the child?

There was but one way. She had read somewhere of it. She would not, she could not, read the real, terrible letter. She would make up one, if only she had sense to do it, her mind being so upset.

Quickly she drew another letter from her pocket, concealing it beneath her handkerchief as Dame Wyett, smiling and complacent, entered the room.

"Now, Miss Gwen, I'm quite ready," she remarked, sitting in her cushioned, high-back Windsor chair, and folding her wrinkled hands. "What does my dear lass say?"

Poor Gwen! Had ever a young girl a harder task? She opened the letter, and with difficulty prevented its rustling in her trembling hands. How could she ever command her voice?

A moment's reprieve was granted her.

"Dear, Miss Gwen!" ejaculated Dame Wyett, in concern, "what is the matter? You are as white as the curtains behind you. You ain't well, miss."

"Not very nurse. I walked rather quickly, and the heat has me a little faint. That is all. A glass of water will put me right."

The water was soon procured. Gwen drank eagerly, and Dame Wyett was full of sympathy.

"Never mind the letter, Miss Gwen," she said. "Don't trouble. I can wait. The curate, he's a kind young gentleman. I'll ask him to read it."

"No, no, no," ejaculated Gwen, scared. "I will read it. I am better; I am quite well. Take your seat, nurse, and listen."

How Gwen got through that fictitious letter, or what she said, she never clearly could recollect.

At times Dame Wyett smiled, and smoothed her apron, nodding her head approvingly; at others, she looked perplexed; but, on the whole, was satisfied, and had no suspicion.

"She don't write quite as she speaks," she said. "The lass is a bit jerky here and there, ain't she, miss? And one or two sentences I can't just make out. But I dessay it ain't so easy to write as to talk."

"Oh, dear, no—very—very different, nurse," said Gwen, putting the letter she had concealed in the envelope instead of the right one, then handing it to the old woman.

Anxiously she watched her fingering the envelope. Would she open it and recognize the different writing of the enclosure?

If so, Gwen must say she had made a mistake.

No; Dame Wyett, much to her companion's relief, rising, put the letter away in one of the lavender-smelling drawers, with brass handles, which stood in the room, and looked quite happy and content with the knowledge that her darling was better.

Better! and at that very instant Maggie might be lying under the waters of some pool—dead!

Yes; Gwen suddenly recollected there was no water at Winstrop, but that the river passed through Harpleton.

Fearful of self-betrayal did she remain, also horrified by the time she was losing, again complaining of faintness, she bade her old nurse farewell, and hastened from the village.

There was neither faintness nor weakness in the fashion she breasted the hill upon which Abbotshurst stood—she almost ran. She held Maggie's letter in her hand, while almost unconsciously she kept murmuring beneath her breath.

"It is morn. Supposing Maggie—poor, foolish Maggie—drowned herself last night? I shall be too late. Oh! who will tell her poor, poor mother?"

Soon she was flying on the level ground to the stables, then into the house, searching every room for Captain Paul.

She found him intensely miserable in the library. At that terrible moment Gwen had quite forgotten the morning occurrence.

Approaching eagerly, her beautiful eyes dilated, her cheek flushed, she said:

"Paul, will you drive me to Harpleton? I've ordered the dogcart round. That goes the fastest. Don't say you can't, Paul, for you must—a life depends on it. Something terrible has happened!"

He was already on his feet. Drive her? He would have driven her anywhere. He had no intention to say he couldn't. He was only too pleased that she was there asking him to serve her.

"Of course I'll drive you, Gwen," he had begun before she ended.

When she had finished his face had something the reflection of hers, and he exclaimed:

"Something terrible! In Heaven's name, Gwen, what do you mean?"

Rapidly she told him, showing him the letter. Captain Paul's face clouded.

"Gwen," he said, gravely, "if Maggie has broken Ned North's heart she has broken that of one of the truest, honestest of fellows."

"Yes—yes, I know; but cousin Paul, you see she does love him. She is young and silly—she repents. It is of her we must think now. Only imagine," the tears sprang to her eyes, "she may be now dead, and all our haste of no avail! Still we must try, and Heaven grant we be in time; then you and I, Paul, will bring matters right at last."

"You and I, Paul."

How the linking of the two pronouns, the sweet tones of her voice, made his pulses thrill!

He was about to answer suitable to the happiness she gave him, when Gwen sprang to the glass doors and threw them wide.

"Come—come," she cried, "here is the cart! Do not let us lose a moment, and," she added, in a whisper, as, following, he helped her to a seat, "do not let us take the groom."

Her word was his law, and soon side by side alone they were speeding at almost a breakneck pace down the pretty country roads in the direction of Harpleton.

Who, as they drove on, would have suspected the tiff of that morning? Paul thought of it; but be sure he did not mention it. Gwen only remembered Maggie.

"Look here, Paul," she said, her handsome face full of gravity and anxiety, "if we find Maggie, find her safe, as Heaven grant we may, you will go and find Ned and bring him back, will you not?"

Captain Paul answered he would and he meant it.

He would have gone to the other end of the earth on a less important matter had his queen wished him.

Soon from a hill-crest they looked down at Harpleton, a small picturesque village, its dull-red roofs peeping from a sea of deep dark foliage, the rich yellow gleam of wheat-fields stretching here and there, interspersed by garden upon garden of dark-hued hops.

It was a picture; above which rose the ancient square-turretted church, as if on guard, breathing of peace and security. Yet, looking upon it, Gwen shivered and exclaimed, unconsciously:

"Oh, Paul!"

For through this "Fair Auburn," flowed a bright dancing little river. How innocent, innocent as childhood, it looked; what a whispering song it was singing over its pebble bed! yet might not that song be a requiem? Now they were near the spot, Gwen's courage began to fail.

"Let me go on, darling, and make cautious inquiry," said Captain Paul, seeing she was pale and trembling.

"Will you?—thank you," she replied "Whatever has happened, I could bear to hear it better from you, and without witnesses. Oh, I begin so—so to fear. Think, Paul, of the poor—poor mother."

Her voice broke with a sob.

"Come—come, Gwen, don't let us look on the worst side," he said, soothingly. "Ten to one Maggie is safe enough. It wants a great deal more courage to take one's life than one—unless they are insane—imagines."

"I hope so," said Gwen, "for it is a very wicked thing."

Gwen, therefore, alighted, and told Captain Paul she would await him in the field they were near. She stood by the stile while he drove on, then she got over it, and began to walk hither and thither, too anxious to remain quiet.

What news would Captain Paul bring?

It was a beautiful sweep of green meadow with a tree here and there; but at the far end they grew more thickly, knee-deep in underwood.

Gwen advanced to the latter for the shade, but suddenly stopped and recoiled, as though she had beheld some loathsome thing.

It was the bright river that she had seen, flashing its silvery way through the leaves and branches.

It filled Gwen with terror, the more so since she was alone. She turned to hasten from the spot, when her steps were arrested by a sound, a sound down there among the underwood beneath the trees.

What was it? It seemed to Gwen like a quivering human sob!

She stood bewildered, half-frightened. The sound was repeated, followed by the piteous words:

"Oh, Heaven forgive me! Oh, mother, mother!"

In a second Gwen was rushing forward, regardless of brambles that caught her hair and dress.

Through the barrier of underwood she went, and soon stood on the river's bank.

It was a pretty spot, secluded by willows which dipped their slender boughs into the stream, while many-hued flowers bloomed among the grass.

But Gwen saw none of these, only the figure of a girl kneeling, her pale, pretty face uplifted to the blue sky, which gazed down at her through the arching boughs, her hands were clasped in misery and despair.

Her head was uncovered; her golden hair, loosened, dishevelled, rippled over her shoulders; tears were on the haggard cheek.

Gwen gave one look, then hurried forward, exclaiming:

"Maggie, Maggie! Praise Heaven, both of us, that I am not too late!"

The girl uttered a cry of horror, and sprang to her feet; but she was too weak, too overwhelmed with shame to fly. Again she fell on her knees, covering her face, as she sobbed:

"Oh, Miss Gwen, Miss Gwen! Why are you here? Go away. Please do go away!"

But Gwen was now by the side of her foster-sister, her arms round her, as if fearful she would start off, and yet plunge into the river.

"I am here, Maggie, to save you," she ejaculated. "Go away? No, not until you go with me, Maggie! how could you think of anything so wicked? Had you no thought of your poor old mother?"

"Oh, Miss Gwen! you do not know!—you do not!" sobbed the girl. "My heart is breaking!"

"Better let it break on earth, Maggie," answered Gwen, gravely, "than have the gates of heaven closed on you hereafter. I know everything, and I am thankful I was able to save my dear old nurse a bitter sorrow. Maggie, she is happy and content, for she believes you are where you must go now, with your brother at Winstrop."

Then Gwen told her all about the letter. How she had not dared to read such terrible news to Dame Wyett; how she had made up a letter; then came to Harpleton, hopeful to be in time to save her foster-sister from the wickedness she contemplated.

Maggie sobbed and wept, and declared she could not live.

She loved Ned, yet had made him hate her. She could never be happy again, knowing how foolish she had been and the love she lost forever.

"Let me die, Miss Gwen, I am not worthy to live."

"Heaven is the best judge of that," retorted Gwen, with pretty gravity. "Maggie, be wise, and you may live yet to be happy, and ashamed of this terrible day. Listen. I have planned it all out, and you must do what Captain Paul and I say. You must go at once to Winstrop, and let this be a terrible dream, of which no one but our three selves shall ever know anything. You must look happy, and must try to be so."

"Oh, Miss Gwen, but how can I? How can I, when I have lost Ned?" sobbed Maggie.

"I put more faith in his real love than you do," replied Gwen. "He is brave and true, and would not risk his happiness by marrying out of spite. Maggie, you must do what I say. Then Captain Paul will find Ned, and who knows but that you both may be happy still!"

That hope gave brightness to poor Maggie, woefully repentant of her coquetry.

So, when Captain Paul returned, bringing no news—for Maggie had passed the whole night by the river—he found the foster sisters together, the one radiant with triumph, the other shame faced, but ready to comply with all Gwen proposed.

Soon she was placed on the back seat of the dogcart, and being driven to the nearest railway-station for Winstrop.

After they had seen her off, the cousins drove back to Abbotshurst, when they parted.

"You have succeeded, Gwen," said Captain Paul. "so well, I—I will find Ned North, and bring him back. Let me have the silly girl's letter. He can't resist that!"

Did Captain Paul succeed?

Of course he did.

One afternoon Gwen appeared at Harpleton, and sent for Maggie to the little inn parlor.

But when Maggie, breathless, hopeful for news, entered, Gwen was not there; only a fine-looking young fellow, with honest gray eyes and sunburnt face.

"Ned!" gasped Maggie, and sprang towards him; then trembling, hesitated. "Oh, Ned! can—can you forgive me? I was very foolish. I—I never meant it!"

For answer, Ned's strong arms closed about her.

"My dear lass!" he said, fondly: and Maggie wept tears of joy on his shoulder.

"Gwen, dear," said Captain Paul, a little slyly, bending to look in her face, as they drove home after the reconciliation, "don't you think a tiff between two people, who really love each other, a foolish thing?"

Gwen laughed, blushed; then putting her hand on his, replied:

"No, Paul, dear; for if there had not been 'a tiff' in our case, I should never have called on poor nurse Wyett, and thus saved foolish Maggie. But—but——"

"But what, Gwen?"

"Why, dear, I think one in a lifetime is quite enough; and there shall never be any more of them between you and me."

They were alone on the country road, there was no groom with them, consequently there is scarcely need to say how Captain Paul responded.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.—A contemporary publishes the following amusing results of a late examination of girls in "Household Science," the ages of whom range from twelve to eighteen.

They had entered from schools of all kinds; the examiner's experience was therefore not limited.

A couple of questions concerning food and processes of cookery elicited the following answers:

"Potatoes, when done, should be allowed to sit with a towel over them."

"Tea, coffee, and cocoa are usually adulterated with beer, ale, and brandy."

"Brown bread is more bulky and more spongy, and helps to distend the stomach better than white bread. Therefore it is more wholesome."

"Brown bread forms a crust on the stomach."

"Carbonaceous foods perform heat and make people fat; nitrogenous foods perform force."

"Get a shoulder of mutton, trim it from the neck neatly; leave an inch or two of bare bone for a handle, add a pinch of pepper and salt; then put it on the pan, and six or seven minutes will cook it."

"Begin to prepare cutlets by paring the chops of the sheep."

"Do not throw away the small crags of mutton."

"Have your frying-pan ruth'enly clean."

"A few hours should be sufficient to cook a cutlet."

"Cutlets should be boiled in cold water, and served cold with some parsley and warm potatoes."

"Brown bread irritates the intestates."

"Each cutlet should be an inch long."

"Brown bread ruffles the inside of the gullet."

Some of the suggestions given for the treatment of simple ailments were as follows:

"Poison should be taken out with a tweezers."

"If you want to keep a room healthy, sit in it with a bowl of lime-water."

"In case of a convulsive fit, speak to the patient sharply."

"Place the person who has fainted in a lying posture, keep him quiet, and waits till he comes round."

"If you want to know your temperature, put a barometer into your mouth."

"The heat of the body is produced by putting a thermometer in your mouth."

A girl was told to draw out a classification of foods according to the works they perform.

She drew diagrams of a cow and a sheep, and divided them into joints of butcher's meat.

The following are the kaleidoscopic forms into which the term "warp and woof" was shaken: "The warft and the werft," "the waft and the wept," "the wift and the weft," "the werp and the warp," "the weave and the werp," "the werp and the womp," "the theft and the weft," and "the yelp and the welp."

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A verdict of death from tight lacing comes from a Birmingham jury, expressed as a verdict of "Death from pressure round the waist." The subject was a servant girl who died after a fright, and her death was attributed by the medical witnesses to the fact that she was laced too tightly to enable her to stand any sudden emotion. She was a notorious tight lacer, not only at the waist. Her collar fitted so closely that it was impossible to loosen it at the critical moment. Under her corsets she wore a tightly buckled belt.

A bear-turtle story comes from Covington, this State. One Bridgood, of that place, who was fattening a 20 pound snapping turtle, was aroused during the early hours of the morning by the noise of a scuffle in his yard. Repairing there he found the turtle hanging to the nose of a 300 pound bear. Bruin was near the fence, endeavoring to get over, but his efforts were interfered with by the turtle. Eventually the bear reached the next yard, but Bridgood followed and shot him dead. The turtle all the time retained its hold and refused to let go, until Bridwood cut the beast's nose off. Then it crawled off, carrying the piece of flesh in its mouth.

It is now rigidly exacted of fashionable widows that they shall bathe in mourning. This is a little hard on them, because it is almost an impossibility to find a black that will not "crock" out in salt water, and many are their tribulations in consequence. If the dear departed is a recent loss they must mourn from head to foot, and have not a touch of any color, not even white, about them; if time has somewhat assuaged the anguish of widowhood the bathing dress may be embroidered in white, or have a collar and reverse of the same, and if a year and a half has elapsed since her husband became an angel, even the most rigid consider her justified in having her bathing dress made either of gray, white, or violet serge.

The Prince of Wales' home farms at Sandringham now extend over 2000 acres. There is the Hall dairy farm, on which are very fine herds of Jersey and Kerry cattle, and a small flock of Southdowns. The Wolferton and Babingley have the herd of Shorthorns, the breeding flock of the Southdowns, and the studs of hackneys and Shire horses. The Appleton Hall farm, which was formerly tenanted by the authoress of "Eighteen Years on the Sandringham Estate," is given over to less choice stock, i. e., store cattle and sheep. H. R. H. has nearly over 100 hackneys at Wolferton, and about seventy Shire breds, and there will be a biennial sale from these studs, the first of which is to be held next Summer.

A despatch from Red Bank, N. J., tells us of a marriage at Eatontown which results in odd relationships. "The bride was Miss Etta Clayton and the groom was Albert Phillips. The bride is not quite 14 years old, while the groom is 50 years. A few years ago Cyrenius Clayton, the bride's father, who was a widower, married one of Mr. Phillip's daughters. By Mr. Clayton's daughter's marriage to his wife's father, Etta Clayton becomes her father's stepmother-in-law. Mr. Phillip's daughter, who married Mr. Clayton, is also her father's stepmother-in-law. Mr. Phillips is Mr. Clayton's father-in-law. Each of the wives is the other's stepmother. Each man is his daughter's stepson, and each woman becomes her own grandmother."

It is told of Nasr ed Deen that on one occasion he conceived the idea of imitating Haroun-al Raschid, and going about by night in disguise and unattended through the streets of Teheran. On leaving the castle, the sentinel, dozing in his box, let him pass two nights without challenge, whereupon the Shah had the sentinel flogged. The third night another sentinel stood on guard, and he stopped the Shah, and forced him, despite all protestations, to spend the rest of the night in the sentry box, barring egress with his bayonet. The next morning the Shah, after having been liberated, first had the unaccommodating soldier beheaded, and then sent him a purse with a sum equal to one hundred and fifty dollars, and a robe of honor; but the Shah was cured of his love for nightly excursions.

The fashionable ornaments of the coming winter are, it seems, to be electric incandescent. I have been shown specimens of scarf pins, rings, bracelets, and earrings, which, it is asserted, are destined to be "all the rage" at an early date. In each of them are concealed a minute electric glow lamp and some clock-work, or rather watch-work, machinery; and somewhere about his person the wearer also carries a small storage battery. The face of each ornament consists of two parti-colored discs which, when the machinery is started, revolve upon one another in opposite directions. These flashing faces, as they move and are illuminated from behind, produce the familiar effect of the chromatrope, which is generally a feature of all magic-lantern exhibitions. The things are pretty enough; but, should they become fashionable, giddiness will, very likely, be a common affection.

Happiness can be built on virtue alone, and must of necessity have truth for its foundation.

Our Young Folks.

WITH BUSHRANGERS.

BY D. S. Y.

IN the early days of the colony of New South Wales it was never safe to travel in the bush unless very well armed. No one was safe from the robbers—known as bushrangers—who invested the country, and many a mail or coach driver was shot dead, his coach completely sacked in search of gold, and the unfortunate passengers robbed of their money, luggage, and often left tied to trees until rescued by another traveler.

Most of the bushrangers at that time were escaped convicts who, not daring to be seen in the town, were obliged to live in the mountain caves; and when they got to hear of a mail coach being likely to pass with gold for the bank, they laid plans to rob it on its journey to the city.

Now these are almost things of the past, for there are branch banks in every part of the colonies, and money is so securely guarded that there is very little prospect of success for a bushranger.

Still, now and again we hear of coaches being robbed, and farm-houses or "sheep-stations" being attacked by these daring men.

Only a few years ago Melbourne was thrown into a state of fright by the news of a gang of bushrangers shooting a police trooper dead, who went to arrest them for stealing horses.

They escaped, and, embarking in a career of crime, for some time were successful in evading justice by hiding themselves in caves in the Strathbogie Ranges; but one day they were captured by some mounted police.

They were tracked to a small wooden dwelling where liquor was sold, kept by a woman named Jones; and after barricading the doors against the police, the hut was set fire to, and they were caught and afterwards hanged.

I was living in Victoria at the time, but had been to Sydney for a trip; and as it was the day after the burning of the hut, and our overland express passed quite close to the ranges, we made up a party for the purpose of visiting the smouldering ruins.

When I returned to Melbourne the following day, and had related our experience, my dear mother seemed highly interested; and as we sat around a cosy fire that night, and I had been questioned all about this gang of bushrangers, she said in her very quiet manner:

"I think I could tell you something rather interesting in the way of 'bush-ranging adventures.'"

We were all attention at once, for mother's tales of her youthful days were always liked by us; and as we gathered our chairs closer around the bright blaze that was thrown out from the huge log, she began:

"All of you children know how your grandfather landed in New South Wales when quite young. It must have been about 1840, as far as I can recollect, when he was made a sort of banker. Tom will perhaps wonder why. Well, at that time there was no bank out of Sydney, and as the little town of Richmond was miles away, it was not only a tedious but a very expensive journey to the city of Sydney for the farmers. Your grandfather was very much respected, and, as he was the only magistrate then in the district, his advice was asked upon various matters.

"The event I am going to tell you about happened after an Easter Sunday. He had attended divine service some miles away, and, as is usual in Australian country churches, there was an Easter collection. This Sunday the collection was unusually large on account of the good season the farmers had had, and in addition to the collection money there was about $2,000, the result of the sale of some church property. The trustees of the church knew that on the following Tuesday your grandfather intended visiting the city, and so begged that he would take the sum—which altogether amounted to about $2,500,—and deposit it in the bank. This he decided to do, but not without some misgivings; for bushrangers were doing wild deeds at that time, and the daily papers were scarcely ever without some account of a dreadful murder or robbery of mail-coaches committed by them. Your grandfather took the money (all in notes), and then began to consider what he should best do with it for its safety.

"After an hour's quiet consideration, he decided what to do, and did it. Then he mounted his beautiful old black horse, who was slightly lame, and started off for home. He was a good bushman, and knew the way almost as well by night as by day, and he trotted merrily along.

"He had a very good path through the young gum saplings, and almost let 'Bonnie Bess' guide herself. He had passed a corner, and had merged into the open road, when all at once—

"'Stop!'

"He started back and saw three men black masked, and each with a pistol in both hands.

"'Where's the coin?'

"'What coin?' asked my father.

"'Oh, that'll do, governor! We know all about it!' and at once they hauled him off his saddle.

"'Now, boys,' said the leader of the gang, who was a big powerful man.

"With these words they instantly proceeded to undress your grandfather. They took his boots off and examined them carefully; they ripped open his coat and other garments; and, while he stood shivering there in the cold, they examined every article of clothing he had on.

"Suddenly one of the men called out—

"'Go for the saddle!' and, to my father's horror, they began to examine that.

"After a search which proved fruitless, the leader said, 'Well, I reckon it's no good. He ain't got the coin!'

"So with a grunt they threw your grandfather his clothes, keeping the boots only. They said, 'You can keep your nag, governor, for he's too lame for us.'

"My father, who had retained his usual coolness all this time, said to one of the men—

"'Well, I suppose you are the man who is wanted by the police?'

"'Yes, I'm Jacky-Jacky!'

"After dressing himself and thanking the men for not molesting him any further, my father mounted the lame horse, and riding off reached home at about four o'clock in the morning. Of course your dear grandmother was in an awful fright, and had not gone to bed at all.

"After your grandfather had related his adventure to her, she said:

"'And what a good thing, dear, that you did not have the money with you!'

"'But I had!'

"'You had? Where was it?'

"My father went outside, and, returning in a few minutes, he dragged in the saddle, and, placing it on the table, began with his pocket-knife to very carefully cut the small stitching underneath. My mother looked on in great wonderment, and exclaimed:

"'But, John, dear! you say they searched this saddle.'

"'So they did, dear, but they forget that I should be equal to them. I had old Brown the saddler in my little room at the hotel, and before I left, these notes were carefully stitched in with the padding. You know, dear, that as a rule now notes are merely slipped inside the leather covering, but they did not reckon I should have these really stitched through.'

"And there they were, literally pierced with tiny holes, but none the worse for that. And so my father saved the little church $2,500.

"The next morning we heard an account of the same gang attacking the mail-coach and shooting the driver dead. My father often says that if they had taken a fancy to 'Bonnie Bess,' which they would undoubtedly have done had she not been lame, they might have carried off the saddle too, and then of course the money was theirs.

"You may be sure the church-people were very thankful, and in acknowledgment of his forethought they presented him with an address, knowing he would accept no present of money."

When mother had finished her tale we were all very sleepy, for it was late; but we were a little bit nervous, I think, during that night. I had an awful nightmare, in which I had money stitched up inside my very skin.

THE VILLAGE IMP.

BY T. S. R.

THEY say, you know, that every country has its own prophet, and I suppose that every village has its own imp.

Well, at least the little village of Hertford had its imp—a rogue with a chubby face and laughing eyes and a saucy little nose.

He was called Jim, and he was the youngest son of one of the laborers who worked on the Great Farm.

He himself knew a good deal about that farm, and always crept in when he could to give the pigs a chase and make them grunt, though they scarcely needed any persuading to do that.

He liked, too, to run after the hens and make them cackle; and I believe that if he had dared he would have hung on to the white cow's tail and enjoyed frightening that august personage, whose name, I should tell you, was Snowdrop.

But Snowdrop had hitherto escaped such an indignity, for Dan the ploughboy had an especial affection for her, and more than once came to her rescue when the village imp was hovering about.

On one occasion Snowdrop was peacefully munching the buttercups, whilst Dan held Jim by the arm and said fiercely—

"Look here, youngster, if I 'catches you here after that 'ere cow's tail agin I'll send you flying. So now you knows me."

Dan's grasp was a heavy one, and Jim, remembering this, thought it better to leave Snowdrop in peace.

He did look at Snowdrop longingly sometimes, but then, of course, there was no harm in looking; even Dan would have owned that.

In fact, one day, when he was in good temper, he owned more than that, for he confessed to Jim that he himself had once had a ride on a cow's tail—and a good whipping too.

Then Jim laughed, for he rather liked to hear of somebody else being whipped!

Having suffered in a similar way himself, he felt very much drawn towards Dan, and even went so far as to claim friendship from him, which Dan granted with the condescension duly belonging to the sturdiest prerogative of the great Farm.

He had rather a stupid dull face, but he kept a special grin of friendliness for the village imp; and people did say that Jim was the cleverest creature in the village at arousing Dan from his sleepy ways.

It was quite as well that Jim was clever at something, for he did not distinguish himself at school, and Miss Carew, the schoolmistress, felt utterly despondent about him.

When he had been specially naughty, she used to say to him: "Jim, you'll shorten my life."

He thought that a good joke, and instead of being sympathetic with poor Miss Carew, he laughed merrily, his eyes twinkling with fun and mischief.

Sometimes she would smile too; for in her heart she loved Jim, though he gave her more trouble than all the other children put together.

He was always having fights in the playground, and he considered himself quite a hero if he succeeded in getting a black eye or a bruised nose.

Even the village policeman made no impression on Jim; he would stand and grin at that great official in the most familiar way, munching an apple which perhaps he had stolen from the orchard near by.

He loved best to perch himself on the forked stake which had formerly served for a sign-post just near the village green.

He would throw off his boots and climb up to his favorite seat, a barefoted, ragged urchin, monarch of all he surveyed.

If strangers, passing by, asked him the way to the next town, he generally sent them in the wrong direction, and enjoyed watching them trudging along until a bend in the road hid them from his sight.

On one occasion, however, his conscience smote him, and he scrambled down from his perch, slipped into his boots and ran after the stranger whom he had misdirected.

"Ho! hi!" he cried breathlessly, "stop!"

The stranger looked around and waited for Jim.

He was a man of about thirty years of age; as he rested against his stick he seemed rather tired, and Jim was thoroughly ashamed for having sent him so far out of his way.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"This ain't the right road," said Jim eagerly; "and I'm sorry I sent you wrong, as I did know better."

"Why did you do it?" asked the stranger, surveying the little imp not unkindly.

"Oh, just for fun," answered Jim, his eyes twinkling. "And I'm sorry, as you walks lame. It don't matter, you know, for some people. I'll show you the real right way, sir."

"Am I to trust you this time?" said the stranger, smiling doubtfully.

But he could see that Jim was in earnest and the two walked along together, Jim chattering unceasingly.

He thought it only right to tell his companion about the Great Farm where his father worked, and about Dan the ploughboy, and Snowdrop. Dan's favorite cow, and the two new colts, Ginger and Raspberry, and Spark the collie, who searched for the eggs, and brought them faithfully and carefully to the farmer's wife.

He spoke, too, of the schoolmistress, and of the old lollipop woman who could only see with one eye and was deaf with both ears; and he said he was going to be a ploughboy like Dan, only that he should not walk by the side of the plough-horse; he would ride on its back, and make it race over the field.

"The farmer would soon make you race away from the farm," laughed the stranger. "And now tell me something more about the schoolmistress. I want to hear about her."

His voice was so eager that Jim looked up, and wondered why he should be interested in the schoolmistress.

"Oh, she's awful cross sometimes," he said, as he broke off a little twig from the hedge and put it in his mouth. "She was ever so cross this morning; but she said I was downright naughty. And I'm sorry, for she looked so sad. One don't mind, you know, when one looks angry: one laughs. But when anyone looks real sad, one don't laugh. When I see schoolmistress, I'll tell her I'm sorry."

"Shall I tell her?" asked the stranger suddenly.

Jim's face fell.

"Do you know her?" he asked timidly.

"Why, yes," he answered; "I am going to see her now. It is two years since I have seen her. That's a long time isn't it, little man?"

"You'll tell her I sent you the wrong way?" said Jim sulkily.

The stranger laughed.

"No," he replied kindly; "I shall tell her that you've been my good little guide. So now you've nothing to fear, have you? I shall tell her that you have made the road short and pleasant for me, for that is quite true. And I have learnt such a lot, you know—all about Snowdrop and Dan, and Ginger and Raspberry, and Spark and the lollipop woman. So I'm quite glad that you sent me the wrong way, and came to fetch me back. And I think I would like to pay a visit to that lollipop woman, and find out whether she is really as deaf as you say she is. Do you believe she would hear if I were to shout—'A pound of bull's-eyes, if you please, and half a pound of barley-sugar!'"

"I guess she would," said Jim, laughing.

A few more yards brought the stranger and the village imp to the pretty little creeper-grown cottage where Miss Carew lived.

It was a sweet summer afternoon, and she was in the garden, tending the flowers and nailing on to the trellis-work some few truant branches of wisteria and honeysuckle.

She looked pretty in her large garden-hat and her simply-made dress.

She was smiling happily, for she was thinking of someone whom she loved, and who would come back one of these days from foreign parts and seek her out—someone whom she had known from her childhood.

Well, suddenly the fox-terrier lying in the sun sprang up and began to bark, and Miss Carew, glancing towards the gate, saw the gentleman standing outside.

Only Jim could see that he was no stranger to her, for she came to meet and greet him, holding out her hands.

"This is the little lad that brought me along," said the stranger, turning kindly to Jim.

"That was kind of you, Jim," said Miss Carew, smiling. "Jim has shown you a special mark of favor, for he likes to send people out of their way—naughty little rogue!"

"If you please," answered Jim penitently, "that's what I did to-day, only I was sorry, and ran after the gentleman."

"That is more than you do for most wanderers," laughed Miss Carew.

She could not be angry with him, for he stood by her side, a quiet penitent little imp—penitent for all his naughtiness and mischief; and then, you know, he had brought to her someone who was very dear to her.

Before the stranger left that evening he and Jim and Miss Carew paid a visit to the lollipop lady, and gave her such a big order for bulls'-eyes and barley-sugar that the mere excitement of it partially restored her hearing for the time being!

She told the policeman that trade was looking up at last; and she told Dan, her grandson, that if things went on like this she would be able to give him a new coat and hat by next Michaelmas.

I do not know whether trade was brisk enough for that; I should say no, judging from the appearance of Dan's Sunday clothes; but I do know that the village imp became a little less impish to the schoolmistress.

He reserved all his mischief for other folk—for Dan, and Snowdrop, the patient white cow, and the policeman, and the hay-makers, and the farmer's wife.

But he was merciful to the schoolmistress, and people used to wonder why Jim and she had become such friends, for he would leave all his playmates to walk quietly by her side, chattering busily.

She liked to hear his chatter: she was never tired of listening to him when he spoke of the stranger, who was very dear to her.

For it is always pleasant to hear kind words about those we love, though the speaker be only a roguish fellow like Jim, the village imp.

STAMMERING.—Some one having asked "what causes stammering," a correspondent in a Boston paper answers: Some children stammer when they begin to talk, in others it is developed by imitators, a fright, a severe illness, especially one that affects the throat; a concussion, as of a door blown violently against the head, or a sudden shock to the entire system, as in a fall or in being thrown from a carriage while riding.

Sometimes a question harshly put will induce a child to stammer, and he will continue from that time. But these are not causes, as has been supposed, but there exists in the child a temperamental tendency to this affection.

He no doubt talked quite or nearly up to the stammering point and that little only was required to destroy the equilibrium. Few begin to stammer after ten years of age.

If the child who has this tendency can be guarded from undue shock or strain until the muscles and nerve centres are matured, usually he will be out of danger.

"Can it be cured?" It certainly can. The best time is when it begins, for, like every other abnormal condition, it suffers by neglect, and this affection becomes complicated by a great fear, a mental condition of far greater importance than the original difficulty.

Cases differ according to temperament and degree of development. One must know in what respects he individually is wrong, and what is right as opposed to that wrong.

Then he must be started in the right course and kept in it until he has in himself the power of control.

SUNSHINE.—Equally important with pure air in living apartments is sunshine. It carries with it radiance and cheer and vigor and good health. It is a purifier, warding off mold, moisture, gloom, depression, and disease. It should be admitted to every apartment of the house and made welcome at all times. It is a strong preventive of the disorders that visit shaded and musty places.

It brings health and happiness that cannot be obtained from any other source. It is nature's own health-giving agent, and nothing can be substituted for it. It has no artificial counterpart. It not only touches the physical body, but it reaches the mind and soul, and purifies the whole existence of man.

It may cause a carpet or upholstery to fade, but it will bring color to the cheek, light to the eye, and elasticity to the step. The close and shaded window may throw a richness of color upon the room, but it will bring paleness and feebleness to the occupants. The best agent is free to all, and easily obtained.

A SUMMER EVENING.

BY W. B. YEATS.

The living woods forego their care,
  Their dread of autumn's mortal wing,
And shake their birds upon the air,
  And like a silver trumpet ring.

The giddy bee's complacent croon,
  Where long gray grasses bow and bend,
In all its honey-thickened tune
  Has no word of the sulphurous end.

The sunflowers weave a golden clime,
  As though their season had no date;
Nod to the iron shoes of Time,
  And play with his immortal hate.

And, maiden, be thou mirthful too,
  Lay down the burden of thy race,
For God is walking in the dew,
  An evening presence fills the place.

The hollow woodlands feel Him there,
  And dread no more foul autumn's wing,
And shake their birds upon the air,
  And like a silver trumpet ring.

MARRIAGE IN MANY LANDS.

When a native Australian arrives at the conclusion that nature did not intend him to lead a life of single blessedness, all he does is to pick out the heaviest club and lay wait behind a bush for the object of his affections.

When she appears, he leaps from his ambush, hits her on the head sufficiently hard to render her insensible, bears her away across his shoulders, and on coming to herself again she is considered to be the lawful wife of the man who has honored her with such a forcible proof of his admiration.

With the ladies of Guiana every year is a Leap Year, the privileges of which they assume as a matter of course. Any maiden who desires to marry a man takes an opportunity of offering him something to drink

If he refuses this offer it is a sign that he will have nothing to do with her; but if, on the other hand, he accepts it, the marriage is held to be concluded.

The inhabitants of Kamschatka have a marriage ceremony which is, on the whole, perhaps more curious than that of any other people. A Kamschtdale who wishes to take a wife looks about among the girls of neighboring villages, as it is the rarest thing for him to fix upon one who lives in his own.

When he has made his choice he has first to obtain her parents' consent to serve them for a fixed time—a state of probation which must invariably be gone through. The girl's parents never refuse this permission, and accordingly their son-in-law is enrolled among their servants, and is treated in every respect as if he were one of them.

At the end of his time of servitude, he asks the parents' consent to his marriage with their daughter. If they have any objection to him, they make him some small presents, with profuse thanks for his services, and he has to consider his suit declined with thanks;" but if they think that he will be a good husband for their child, they tell him that he has their consent to the match.

All that now remains for him to do is to remove a certain portion of the girl's apparel, for this is the sole ceremony required to constitute a marriage with the natives of Kamschatka.

Simple enough it sounds; but unfortunately for the eager lover the sound is by far the most pleasant part of the proceeding. The bride is taken under the special protection of all the women in the village from the moment it is understood that her parents' consent is given to her being wed, and, not content with jealously watching her, they render the hapless man's task still more difficult by coiling round and round her ropes, fishing nets, shreds of clothing, and everything that can by any possibility be pressed into the service of covering and concealing her usual garments.

Should her lover be rash enough to attempt to disentangle her while any of her self-constituted guardians are about, he generally has good cause to repent of his temerity, for they fall upon him tooth and nail, scratching and buffeting him until he is glad to seek safety in flight.

This state of things continues for an indefinite time; sometimes, travellers tell us, as long as seven years. When once he has succeeded in removing the various articles heaped upon the maiden he may consider her his wife.

There is a marriage custom in Telos, one of the Sporades group, which strikes one as being rather hard upon the younger members of a family. The wedding dowry of both man and woman is always kept intact, and it is the custom that one shall be passed on to the eldest son, the other to the eldest daughter, on their entering the bonds of matrimony.

The result is, that while the eldest son and daughter of a family have no difficulty in finding partners, the younger children are almost invariably forced to a life of celibacy, which in the case of the girls means dragging out a wretched existence, exposed to all manner of hardships, until a premature death comes as a happy relief to them.

The dwellers round Lebanon have a rule that no young man shall marry out of the immediate circle of his relations so long as there are any single girls in the family, and so fiercely is any deviation from this rule resented that it is the rarest thing for any but cousins to marry.

Weddings are celebrated on a Sunday, and it is customary for the relatives of the bridegroom to proceed in a body to the bride's house and bring her to that of her future husband. She has to take her leave by kissing the hand of every male member of her family. Her escort form themselves into a procession around her, and move in the direction of her future home.

There is no unseemly haste shown in this journey, for a halt is made every few minutes, and it is no unusual thing for a distance of about a hundred yards to occupy an hour or more.

This tedious rate of advance is intended to show that the young lady is in no great haste to quit her maiden state, and is a part of the characteristic reserve, which, be it real or fictitious, always marks the gentle sex on such occasion in the East.

When at length the end of the distance is reached, the bride takes a piece of yeast out of her bosom, and, as she passes through the door of her new home, sticks it upon the door post, thereby signifying her resolution to cleave to her husband through all troubles that may befall him

At the same moment he appears on the roof of the house, holding a drawn sword in his hand, as an emblem of the absolute away which he is for the future to exercise over her.

In Japan the principal, and apparently the binding, part of a ceremony consists in the bride and bridegroom drinking nine small cups of saki (a drink made from rice) together.

A Japanese lady who is going to be married has, before she leaves her father's house to blacken her teeth, and soon after the wedding ceremony has been performed, she is obliged, to either pluck out or shave off her eyebrows.

These two acts are supposed to be indicative of her fidelity to her husband An immense amount of feasting is connected with a Japanese wedding. For about a week the bridegroom has to keep open house and entertain an indefinite number of the friends of his wife and himself.

Grains of Gold.

Deride not any man's infirmities.

Ignorance is the parent of many injuries.

Ill examples are like contagious diseases.

Patience and time run through the longest day.

It is more painful to do nothing than something.

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.

Sweetness of temper is not an acquired, but a natural excellence.

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time.

Of the tame beasts, the worst is the flatterer; of wild, the slanderer.

Every one goes astray, and the least imprudent is he that repents the soonest.

Virtue, as understood by the world, is a constant struggle against the laws of nature.

Take time to deliberate—but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go in.

In every human breast some one passion generally breaks through principle and controls us.

Femininities.

Lips however rosy must be fed.

Characters never change—they are only developed.

Stagnation is worse than death, it is corruption also.

The newer a hired girl is the worse she is for ware—chinaware.

Silver can be kept bright for months by being placed in an air-tight case.

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit.

Many a woman is expert with crayons who is not skilful in drawing tea.

A lady refers to the time she spends in front of her looking-glass as "moments of reflection."

Don't keep the parlor dark, unless you value your carpet more than your own and your children's health.

The lustre of morocco may be restored by varnishing it with the white of an egg. Apply with a sponge.

There is no house so small that it has no room for love; there is no castle so large that it cannot be filled with it.

Initials formed by sprays of gold backed enamel forget-me-nots are lace pins recently seen at the watering places.

Nothing ever causes a young man greater surprise than to find out that some one has fallen in love with his sister.

A sea shell in relief, with finely etched marine scenes surrounding it, form an artistic decoration for a silver mirror front.

A Texas woman attacked her husband with a pair of scissors, and in short order he discovered that he was out out for an angel.

A gold ruby eyed snake, coiled around the head of a tortoise shell hairpin, attracts considerable attention from lovers of the unique.

A society lady of Topeka, Kan., issued invitations to a "breakfast," and three-fourths of her guests put in an appearance before she was up.

A small bird formed of odd pieces of pearl joined with gold and sitting amid a branch of variegated gold leaves on a twig is an original lacepin.

To drive away ants scrub the shelves or drawers that they frequent with strong carbolic soap, after which sprinkle red pepper in every crevice.

Lady: "Little boy, isn't that your mother calling you?" Little boy: "Yes'm." Lady: "Why don't you answer her, then?" Little boy: "Pop's away."

Elderly, but coquettish widow: "And this, Baron, is a portrait of me when I was a girl." Baron: "Oh, indeed! And by one of the old masters, I presume."

Fond mother: "You must remember, Emmeline, that fine feathers do not make a fine bird." Emmeline: "True, mamma; but they do make awfully pretty hats."

Bessie: "What was that great trouble of Dolly's life?" Jennie: "The gentleman that she jilted went and married another girl within a week. Dolly has never been herself since."

A domestic in New York, wanting a silk dress to get married in and not being able to buy one, helped herself to her mistress's wardrobe. She was caught wearing the stolen dress and was arrested.

Two small girls: "Oh, auntie, we've come to tell you there's a baby at our house!" Aunt: "That is nice. Did the stork bring a little brother or a sister?" Little girls, puzzled: "Nobody knows till the christening"

The blonde, the clear white blonde, who never freckles or burns, who is as languid as a tigress half asleep, is given up to costumes of black satin; she doesn't appear in the morning, but in the afternoon you see her out driving.

Jack married a very ugly girl, and on meeting his friend Dick the former asked, "How do you like my wife's looks?" Scanning her profile a few yards away, the candid friend replied: "Dear me, she must have a lot of money!"

The posing society women of the East, of whom we, by the way, have had some rather startling samples, are, if they are lucky enough to be widows, bathing in mourning this year. Black from head to toe is the widow's might this merry month.

The fashion of fastening dresses in front was, when introduced some 20 years ago, felt to be an immense convenience and relief, for it enabled ladies to be independent as regards always wanting some one to help them at their toilets, and yet, strange to say, a withdrawal of this improvement is threatened, inasmuch the innovation of buttoning or lacing dresses at the back seems to be fast gaining ground. We only hope that this exceedingly inconvenient fashion will at least be limited to ball and evening dresses.

The happy bride: "Why, mamma, what are you crying for? Everything is so lovely, and everybody's been so good to me! Come and look at my presents, dear!" The wise mamma: "It's the presents I'm thinking of! Every family with a regiment of unmarried girls has sent you the most horribly expensive things; and now they'll all be getting married, and you and Charles will have to scrape and starve to give each of them something handsomer still! Presents! Oh, Angelina, why didn't you elope?"

Dr. Brown-Sequard must have been smuggling some of his elixer of youth over here. First it was an old man of 90 wooing a young widow; now it is James Morgan, of Columbus, Ind., aged 82, who advertises for a wife. He is a wealthy hermit, and having quit work, wants a young and pretty wife to brighten up the remainder of his days. To the woman who fills the order he promises to pay $5,000. Of course he is receiving letters, and in due time will buy the girl. The probabilities are that she will earn the $5,000.

Masculinities.

Perfection is the point at which all should aim.

Society is ever ready to worship success, but rarely forgives failure.

Do a man more than one favor, and he will expect it as a regular thing.

Memory is ever active, ever true. Alas, if it were only as easy to forget!

Flatter a girl by calling her a woman; flatter a woman by calling her a girl.

When a man gets to be a grandfather he sighs as he thinks how old his wife is.

"He describes hell beautifully," was the testimonial of an admiring Maine sister to her pastor.

While he is on his travels the German Emperor spends at least one hour each day in writing to his wife.

The worst hypocrite is the man who tells his wife that she always looks her prettiest when dressed in calico.

Married love need be none the less whole and true because there is a wide circle of wholesome family affection on either side.

T. H Davis of Clarksville, Mo., was three times married to the same woman, his own temper and two divorces making this possible.

"It isn't always the man who wears the largest hat who knows the most," says a wag; "but generally he is the man who thinks he does."

An Ohio man the other day counted up and found that he had been concerned in 139 lawsuits. He ought to be ashamed to own up to it.

Susanville, Nevada, boasts a citizen who has been sunstruck, struck by lightning, frozen until he lost consciousness, and yet is as "hearty as ever."

The angry mother, bent on punishing a disobedient son, and the whimpering youth, bent to receive the blows, represent two souls with but a single thought.

"What is the matter, my man? Why do you look so sad?" "I have lost my wife." "No wonder you look sad." "Besides that I have also married another."

He, on the piazza at night: "There's a cool wave coming." She, anxiously: "Oh, dear! I hope it won't come between us." And he drew nearer, so it couldn't.

Poseyboy: "Ah, there you are kissing your poodle again, Miss Travis. Why can't you distribute your favors?" Miss Travis, archly: "Because, Mr. Poseyboy, there is such a difference in puppies."

A man whose eyesight was not good, was recommended to try glasses. He says he went and took four at the nearest drinking saloon, and the result was that his sight was so much improved that he could see double.

In a certain town in Ohio, where screens are not allowed to be used in saloons, a big fat man is hired by one of the more enterprising saloonkeepers to stand in his door all the time. He obstructs the view very effectually.

Miss Mushroom: "I think those Thomas concerts are just lovely. I'm there every night." Mr. Smoothbore: "Are you fond of Berlioz?" Miss Mushroom: "I like it pretty well; but, as a steady thing, give me Budweiser."

Jinks: "I called at your boarding-house to-day and saw the table nearly set for dinner, and I must say things looked very neat. I never saw a whiter tablecloth in my life." Binks: "No; she doesn't make her tea, coffee or soups strong enough to stain."

A local dealer, not being able to sell even a single pair of shoes of a certain grade at one dollar, thought to mark them down to cost. Instead of doing so, however, he took the advice of his errand boy and added 25 cents to the price, and the shoes went off like hot cakes.

Nathaniel Pierce, of Wisconsin, and George B. Pierce, of Oneida county, New York, are twins born in April, 1800. They are exactly alike in appearance, and seventy years ago courted the same girl, visiting her on alternate nights. Being detected, they both got the mitten.

A contemporary publishes the following copies of the ballot-slips used by a jury which tried a man for larceny in a New Hampshire court. "Gilty," "guilty," "guilty," "not geulty," "gillty," "gelty," "not guilty," "guildty," "guilty," "gilty," "geulty."

A farmer near Ithaca, N. Y., in attempting to rescue two colts which had been attacked by bees, was so badly stung himself that his life is in danger. The attending physician counted no less than 100 stings on the unfortunate man's face. One of the colts died as a result of the stinging received, and the other is not expected to live.

The most grateful man in the world has just died in a South African town. After his death, the following notice appeared in the local papers: "Died.—At the Albany Hospital, March 3rd, 1880, Ebenezer Pike, aged 32 years. E. Pike wishes to express his thanks to the Superintendant of the Hospital and the many doctors who attended him in his late illness."

Summer travelers may profit by the experience of Colonel Merwin Dorobue, a Western railroader, now in New York undergoing treatment for a painful injury to his left eye. On his way to Lake George in a drawing-room car he dipped the end of a towel into water and drew it across his eye. A bit of cinder that had adhered to the towel was drawn across the ball of the eye, cutting a narrow furrow across that nearly destroyed the sight.

A handsome young man walked into the Adams Express office in a Western city the other day and desired to express a package of letters to a lady, to whom he desired to return them. "What are they worth?" asked the clerk, who in making out his account desired to know what was the risk. The young man hesitated a moment, then clearing his throat from a certain huskiness, replied: "Well, I can't say exactly, but a few weeks ago I thought they were worth about $400,000."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The English Illustrated Magazine for August opens with a stirring instalment of Mr. Peterson's "The Better Man," which winds up with the possible rescue of Tom Eckersley from the hangman's rope. Whitworth Wallis contributes an exceedingly interesting description, historical and otherwise, with beautiful illustrations, of famous old "Aston Hall," near Birmingham, than which none of the many stately homes of England has suffered more from the vicissitudes of fortune, yet few have survived the beating of the storms of more than two hundred and fifty winters better. "Bill Beresford and his Victoria Cross," by Archibald Forbes, tells in a graphic manner how Lord William Beresford won the Victoria cross by rescuing a wounded man from a Zulu advance at Ulundi. The illustrations are very spirited. "Out Door Paris" is brightly described by Theodore Child and well illustrated pictorially by W. D. Almond. "Charles Dickens as an Editor," with an introduction by Charles Dickens, jr., presents several letters from Dickens to a would-be contributor, which show the kindly spirit of the great novelist. Crawford's "Sant' Ilario" has a touchingly interesting instalment.

OF QUEER DWELLINGS.

The periodical rise of the Orinoco lays vast tracts of land under water for a considerable portion of the year.

This annual inundation has given rise to the strange mode of building adopted by the Guarson Indians.

Sailing up the river by night, the traveler will be surprised to see trees rearing their heads high above the surface, and forming "water groves."

Up among the branches fires are burning and dusky forms reeling in range of their warmth, or moving about with perfect freedom. It is a village in the air—the home of the Guarsons, or "palm dwellers."

This village at the period of inundation is perhaps a hundred miles from dry land, yet the inhabitants can live out their natural term, though communication with the shore were cut off for ever.

Their mode of house building we will describe.

During the dry season the Guarson cuts down some of the smaller trees and prepares his timber. Four trees forming a quadrangle are selected for the site, and near the top of each he cuts a deep notch, into which the ends of the four beams, which serves as a foundation for the structure, are inserted.

These beams are hoisted up by means of ropes and placed in position. The trunk of a tree, with niches cut in it for the toes of the climber, is used as a ladder during the building operations, and afterwards as a staircase to his abode. The main beams being in their places, cross beams are laid and secured by ropes.

A layer of palm leaves, covered by a thick coating of mud, forms a floor upon which a fire may be kindled without fear of extended conflagration.

As there is no cold weather to be provided against, walls are considered unnecessary. A second platform of lighter materials, covered with woven mats and palm leaves, provides a shelter from rain and sun.

The trees among which he dwells provides for all he wants. They are all of one kind—the "fan" palm—and supply him with food, clothes, fuel, utensils, rope, mats, bread, and liquor.

Bread is procured by splitting open the trunk of a tree and taking from the interior a pith, which burned, grated, and then placed in water forms a sediment, from which cakes of a nutritive quality are made.

Fish caught in the vicinity of his dwelling help to relieve the monotony of a vegetarian diet.

The Turcoman, who seldome lingers long in one spot, carries his house about with him, which, with his furniture and effects, forms a comfortable load for one camel. The frame is constructed from laths of light wood, crossing one another diagonally, but at right angles, and about a foot asunder. These are tied at each crossing with thongs of hide, so that the whole affair may be closed into small compass, or expanded to the dimensions of a commodious circular apartment about twenty feet in diameter.

From the upper portion of the framework similar laths slope upwards and meet over the centre, where they are tied together, and form the skeleton of a roof. Both walls and roof are covered with black mud, and outside of this material another frame is bound, made from reeds or split canes placed perpendicularly and bound together with cords.

The interior is sometimes divided into two apartments by means of a wall of split reeds, but the richer Turcoman who wants a private room has a separate tent erected.

The furniture consists of horses and camels, implements of war, and a few utensils.

The winter residence of the Eskimo is probably the strangest dwelling of all. Ice and snow, which he finds plentifully distributed around furnish him with all that is necessary in the construction of a house; and a couple of men in a few hours can raise a warm and comfortable edifice, which will last till the summer sun melts the roof from over his head.

One man occupies himself in cutting bricks of snow, about a couple of feet long by six inches in thickness, which he carefully pares smooth with a long knife. The other "lays" them skilfully together, the construction of the arched roof being performed in a manner calculated to satisfy the artistic instincts of any modern architect.

A hole, two or three feet high, permits the family to creep in and out of their abode, and a window of ice illuminates the interior.

Upon the wildest and most sterile tracts of land—treeless, waterless, and barren, where no other human beings can possibly exist—the African Bushman establishes his family mansion.

This wild being belongs to a pigmy race, and seldom exceeds four feet six inches in height, which altitude his wife fails to attain by nine inches.

The full grown man has a Chinese cast of features, surmounted by a woolly covering. His bones protrude in all directions through his skin. He never washes himself in any circumstances, and the accumulation of dirt serves as a suit of clothes, aided by some coloring matter, which gives a pleasing variety to the tint.

A cave or hole sufficiently large to contain his body satisfies his aspirations for house owning; nor does he object to a tight fit.

Failing to obtain a ready made residence, he is forced to build one. With this purpose in view, he chooses a clump of two or three bushes, draws and ties the tops of the branches together, spreads a few handfuls of grass over the top, and the outside work is complete.

By scraping a shallow hole inside and filling it with grass, a bed is made, wherein he and his family form at night a complicated mass of sleepers.

A cluster of islands on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, known as Andaman, are inhabited by savages of the lowest grade. The dwelling of one of these is far inferior to the construction of a beaver.

A few poles stuck in the ground lean together at the top, and are there tied. Over these a layer of reeds and rattan leaves forms the roof, and a shakedown of leaves beneath it a bed.

This undesirable family residence is luxuriously furnished with implements of war and the chase. The Andamaner lives near the shore, and depends principally on fish, varied with fruits and roots.

His dress is a modern peculiar one. Each morning on rising, he plasters himself head to foot with a thick coating of mud, which cheap and well-fitting garment he wears through the day. Should cracks appear in the surface, they are immediately filled up.

The description of the above individual's dwelling is equally applicable to that of the Water Indian—the inhabitants of the bleak isle of Tierra del Fuego.

On this island a nation of dwarfs run wild. Though the climate is bitterly cold during the whole of the year, the Fuegian builds himself a house of poles and grass, leaving one side entirely open, while a piece of sealskin thrown loosely over his shoulders forms his sole attire.

He derives his chief sustenance from shell fish, though occasionly the advent of a missionary causes sounds of revelry to be heard in the island.

ABOUT CATS.

Many people have a strange antipathy to cats; they know instinctively if one is in the room, and are uncomfortable until it is turned out.

The first Napoleon is said to have had this feeling strongly developed, and to have positively hated what Shakspeare makes Shylock call "the harmless, necessary cat."

Cardinal Richelieu showed as much love for cats as Napoleon did dislike. It is related of this eminent statesman that on a foreign ambassador being ushered into his presence, he remained seated, pointing, as an excuse for his apparent lack of courtesy, to a cat which with her kittens was nestled in the fur of his robe.

Montaigne and Theophile de Gautier almost worshipped cats; Chateaubriand was so notoriously fond of them that when he was sent as an ambassador to the Pope, the latter could think of no more suitable gift for him than a fine tabby; and General Hondaille when obliged to leave his cats behind on a march across France from Toulouse to Metz, showed his devotion to them by hurrying all the way back again at the first opportunity to fetch them to his new quarters.

The story of Sir Isaac Newton cutting two holes in his door, one for the kittens and another larger one for its mother, is well known.

The poet Gray wrote an ode on the death of Horace Walpole's favorite cat, Selina, while Cowper has immortalized his cat.

Dr. Johnson was devoted to a cat, and is said to have been discovered surreptitiously conveying oysters in his coat pocket to tempt it when it was ill.

Cats, though far from stupid, are not easy to train. Recently, however, a troupe of them have been going through evolutions on the stage that showed that there is plenty of performing agility in them if sufficient trouble is taken to unearth it.

The mentioning of cats in connection with the stage call to mind a good story of an actor, and a cat.

He was one day playing Hamlet to a crowded house, and was throwing all his energies into the ghost scene, when, to his great disgust, there was a sound of suppressed laughter that rapidly grew into a general shout of amusement.

A large gray cat had walked out from behind the wings, and in the most impressive part of the scene had commenced to solemnly rub its back against the ghost's legs. It is needless to say that after the intruder had been removed all attempts to go on with the scene were unavailing.

A cat is one of the most devoted of mothers. Her ordinary aversion to water is well known, but to save her little ones from drowning she will plunge into a pond or stream and rescue them one by one.

When a certain music hall was burnt down, a cat which was with her young in the blazing building brought two of them safely through the flames, and was found burnt to death with a third in her mouth when the ruins were searched.

Not long ago there was a craze in the fashionable world for stuffed kittens. They were to be seen on the backs of screens, perched on the tops of work baskets, mounted on baskets, and otherwise disposed about the drawing room.

And the mania did not end here, for bonnets became fashionable in which were tiny kittens' heads nestled among flowers or peeping over the brim.

Fortunately this craze, on a par with the equally cruel one of decorating hats and bonnets with the rarest and most beautiful birds, has disappeared.

Every one knows that when a thunder storm is near, electric sparks may be coaxed from a cat's fur, but it is not equally well known that pussy is a sure foreteller of rainy weather.

When wet is at hand she may be observed with the back of her head turned towards the floor, an attitude that is not assumed at any other time.

Many people believe that cats can see in the dark, and there is just enough truth in this to make the idea plausible.

The fact of the matter is that cats have a peculiar arrangement of the eye (caused by a carpet of glittering fibres called the tapeum, which lies below the retina) which enables them to see clearly in the dimmest light.

When light is entirely absent, however, they can see no more than any other animal; and the marvellous ease with which they make their way in the dark over a table covered with ornaments is due, not to any miraculous powers of sight, but to the long whiskers, each terminated by a delicate nerve, that project from the sides of the head.

There is an equally wide-spread belief that white cats are always deaf; this is not so, but patient observation has established the fact that white cats with blue eyes are almost invariably without power of hearing.

Darwin was at one time led to believe that this was an invariable rule, but he afterwards heard of a few exceptions to it.

Even more incredible is the story told of a cat which is said to have leaped from the top of the Washington Monument and landed unhurt on the ground, a distance of over four hundred feet.

This, we expect, must be placed to the credit of the imagination of the always imaginative reporter.

An animal that could with safety emerge from such a feat would need to be gifted with even more lives than the traditional nine that are accorded to the objects of this sketch.

EARLY OBJECTION TO COAL.—The discussion of the probability of there being a deposit of coal in the Thames valley and under the city of London, of which there seems to be considerable evidence, recalls some interesting facts connected with its earlier use in that city.

When coal was first introduced into London as a fuel, very serious objection was taken to its use.

It appears that in the beginning of the fourteenth century, brewers and smiths of the city, finding the high price of wood pressing hard upon their returns, resolved to make some experiments with coal, but immediately an outcry was raised against them by persons living near the breweries and forges, the king was petitioned, and a law was passed prohibiting the burning of coal within the city.

Those who tried it, however, found the new fuel to be so much superior to wood that they persisted in its use.

But so determined was the Government to suppress what was regarded as an intolerable nuisance, that a law was passed making the burning of coal in London a capital offense, and it is recorded that one man at least was executed under that law.

It would appear that the ladies were most bitterly opposed to the use of coal for domestic purposes. They considered the smoke to be ruinous to their complexions and would not attend parties at houses in which the objectionable fuel was used.

Some persons went the length of refusing to eat food of any kind that had been cooked on a coal fire.

A CONVINCING PORTRAIT.—A man once called upon a portrait painter and asked him to paint his father.

"But where is your father?" asked he of the brush.

"Oh, he died ten years ago."

"Then how can I paint him?" asked the artist.

"Why," was the reply, "I have just seen your portrait of Moses. Surely, if you can paint the portrait of a man who died thousands of years ago, you can more easily paint the portrait of my father, who has only been dead ten years."

Seeing the sort of man with whom he had to deal, the artist undertook the work.

When the picture was finished the newly blossomed art patron was called in to see it. He gazed at it in silence for some time, his eyes filling with tears, and then softly and reverently said—

"So that is my father? Ah, how he has changed!"

WHAT WAS IN THE PIE.—I was having luncheon, says a New Yorker, at a cafe on Fifth avenue, when a somewhat unusual company of people entered the almost deserted room and arranged themselves about a table which had been specially set for them.

There were eight men and one young woman in the group. I recognized the occasion as a wedding breakfast of persons who were scarcely of the fashionable sort.

The girl was pretty enough, but she was quite awkward, while the men hardly knew what to do with their hands, and their conversation did not scintillate, as it were, with wit or repartee.

The repast was nervously gone through, two bottles of claret and two of champagne being disposed of.

When the waiter brought in the coffee he was accompanied by an assistant who bore on a tray before him what appeared to be a bird pie, the crust brown and tempting, and the silver plate on which it rested garnished about with green.

When this was placed before the bride she looked at her husband in surprise, but apparently did not dare suggest that this was a rather substantial dish to bring on at such a late moment.

All the faces of the men were twitching with excitement, with the exception of the husband's, which expressed blank amazement at what seemed a serious breach of correct form. The waiter handed a knife and fork to the bride.

"Will madam cut the pie just here?" he asked, indicating the outer rim of the top crust.

The bride took the knife trembling in her hand, and, with the aid of the waiter, succeeded in lifting the entire upper crust away from the lower part of the pie.

Then she gave a little cry of astonishment, for a white dove lifted up its head from the interior of the pie and cooed. Around the dove's neck was a very beautiful little diamond bracelet. It was a gift from the men who were present.

A CHINESE HADES.—This terrace (the celebrated See-one's-home Terrace) is curved in front like a bow; it looks east, west and south. It is eighty-one *li* (3 *li*=1 Eng. mile) from one extreme to the other.

The back part is like the string of a bow; it is enclosed by a wall of sharp swords. It is 490 feet high; its sides are knife blades; and the whole is in sixty-three stories.

No good shade comes to this terrace; neither do those whose balance of good and evil is exact. Wicked souls alone behold their homes close by, and can see and hear what is going on. They hear old and young talking together; they see their last wishes disregarded and their instructions disobeyed.

Everything seems to have undergone a change. The property they have scraped together with so much trouble is dissipated and gone. The husband thinks of taking another wife; the widow meditates second nuptials.

Strangers are in possession of the old estate; there is nothing to divide amongst the children. Debts long since paid are brought up again for settlement, and the survivors are called upon to acknowledge claims upon the departed.

Debts owed are lost for want of evidence, with endless recriminations, abuse, and general confusion, all of which falls upon the three families (father's, mother's and wife's families) of the deceased. They in their anger speak ill of him that is gone.

He sees his children become corrupt, and his friends fall away. Some, perhaps, for the sake of bygone times, may stroke the coffin and let fall a tear, departing quickly with a cold smile.

Worse than that, the wife sees her husband tortured in the *yamen;* the husband sees his wife victim to some horrible disease, lands gone, houses destroyed ed by flood or fire, and everything in unutterable confusion—the reward of former sins.

All souls, after the misery of the terrace, will be thrust into the great Gehenna, and, when the amount of wickedness of each has been ascertained, they will be passed through the sixteen wards for the punishment of evil hearts.

TRUE silence is the rest of the mind, and is to the spirit what sleep is to the body, nourishment and refreshment. It is a great virtue; it covers folly, keeps secrets, avoids disputes, and prevents sin.

TRUE piety hath in it nothing weak, nothing sad, nothing constrained. It enlarges the heart; it is simple, free, and attractive.

WHEN THE SYSTEM IS RUN DOWN, and General Debility with Want of Appetite prevails, Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is well adapted to meet the patient's wants, whether child or adult. It overcomes acidity of the Stomach, and relieves Dyspepsia, aiding the digestive functions of the body, and restoring the normal strength. It is the best of Worm Medicines also, and rids the body of these distressing parasites. Get the large sized bottles when you want a Tonic.

Humorous.

HER LITTLE DAY.

A little girl,
A social whirl,
And she's a woman.
A little while,
A glance, a smile—
How very human.

A man will bring
A dainty ring:
Their troth is plighted.
A mother's tear,
A trousseau dear,
Papa's delighted.

A little fat,
A turn at that,
Courtship extended.
A little whirl,
A little girl—
The story's ended.

—U. N. NONE.

A buy-word—"How much!"

A chatter-box—The phonograph.

Who kills all the dead letters!—Miss Direction.

Neighbor: "Well, Giggins, what are you raising?" Amateur gardener, sadly: "Blisters."

Why should a physician be a good linguist?—Because it is necessary for him to understand all tongues.

Employer, sternly, to Jones, who has been out the night before and is late at his desk: "Well?" Jones: "Not very, sir!"

Peasant, after having thrashed a stubborn ox: "See now, if you were not so obstinate we two might live together like brothers."

"What is the matter, my man? Why do you look so sad?" "I have lost my wife." "No wonder you look sad." "Besides that I have also married another."

"Pa," inquired Bobby, as they were returning from a revivalist meeting, "why do those people shout so loud, is God deaf?" "No, Bobby, but in a case of that kind He is a good way off."

Mr. Oldbeau: "And your husband?" Widow: "In heaven these two years." Mr. Oldbeau: "I'm shocked at the news! He and I used to go out together. I never would have dreamed such a thing."

Mr. Hyde, of Hyde & Tallow, Chicago: "Waiter, I want a dinner." Waiter: "Will se gentleman hav table d'dote or a la carte?" Mr. Hyde: "Bring me a little of both, and have 'em put lots of gravy on it."

A little 4-year old was being reproved by her mother. "Why, Emily," she said, "when I was a little girl my mamma never let me do such a thing as that!" "Who was your mamma," inquired Emily, "anybody I know?"

A little group of gentlemen seated in front of a hotel one evening were discussing literary matters. "By the way, Senator," said one, "what book do you think has helped you most?" "Umer—well, I guess maybe the pocketbook."

Two Paris loafers are reading a notice: "Lost—a black poodle. One hundred francs reward." One of them says to the other: "You must take the one you stole yesterday." "But it is white." "You must say that it has turned white through grief."

Jones, the gardener, whose son is office boy in a city office: "Well, sir, I hope you like my son John. I hope he gives you satisfaction." Master: "Oh, I expect he'll get on presently. There's one thing in his favor; he doesn't snore as loudly as my last one."

Miss Chamberlayne: "What does your father, the baron, call his estate on the Rhine?" Herr Von Grif: "It vos named, by mein grossfader, der castle of Scheinderblitzenschonenberghentausen." Miss Chamberlayne: "Thank you: I'm awfully sorry to have troubled you."

A little 4-year old girl went running into the house one day, exclaiming: "Mamma, mamma, I've seen Jack Frost! I've seen Jack Frost!" "Where did you see him, my darling?" queried the mother. "Oh, I saw the tip of his tail hanging over the eaves." She had seen an icicle.

A contemporary vouches for the genuineness of the following answer to the question set in a general intelligence paper, "What do you understand by physics, electricity and magnetism?"—"Physics is pills and things; electricity is the telegraph wires; magnetism is what you take in connection with rhubarb."

"Oh, George," she murmured, "I know you are strong and will protect me; yet even now, as we recline in this swinging hammock, I am surrounded by fear." "Fear, my darling?" said her dear George; "what fear can surround you?" "Atmosphere," she chuckled, and the hammock broke down to punish her.

Merchant: "You think your son would make as a satisfactory errand boy, do you?" Mrs. Moriarty: "Whativer 'e do, sor, 'e do it very quick." Merchant, to boy: "James, take this note up to Captain Centrefield at the ball grounds and be back in 20 minutes." Mrs. M.: "Niver moind, Jimmy, Coom ahn home. It's not a bye they're wantin'; it's an angel."

"We are having a great time," said a citizen in a country town to a Chicago traveler. "You struck this town just at the right time." "What's going on?" "We've got a big revival. Two of the best preachers in the country—one a Methodist and the other a Presbyterian. They have been preaching for three days." "Is that so?" returned the traveler, absent-mindedly. "What's the score?"

One day a clergyman's wife, preparing to give a collation to her husband's association on the following Monday, and not being in the habit of doing extra work on Sunday, told her cook that she would better boil the ham for the sandwiches on Saturday, lest if boiled on Monday it might be too warm to slice. "W'y," drawled the cook, "yer don't think it ud be wickid ter bile it on Sunda y, do yer, ef we biled it slow?"

GIGANTIC SPIDERS.—Far up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a spider that spins a web like bright, yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet long: and riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining around your face like a lace veil, while, as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and, though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant.

If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, although not venemous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur.

So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim.

A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow and scarlet monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive.

He usually throws the coils about the head till the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked.

In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you may come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares, the strong folds of which prevent the delicate bones from falling to ground after the wind and weather have dispersed the flesh and feathers from the body.

GENERAL FRANCIS E. SPINNER, whose signature is so familiar to Americans who handle treasury notes, is hopelessly ill at his home at Pablo Beach, Fla., in his 88th year. His illness is said to be the result of wearing eyeglasses.

WE seldom find people ungrateful, so long as we are in a condition to render them service.

KILLING FLIES BY THE MILLION.—A Louisville druggist kills the swarms of flies about his soda fountain in a novel manner. He discovered that insect powder is of almost as rapid combustion as gunpowder, though the flame lives several seconds. By a further investigation he discovered that a portion of the powder thrown from the bellows through the flame of a lighted match held six inches away, produced the required flame, and was capable of destroying flies by the million. He, therefore, puts out some bait for them every morning. When they have collected in sufficient numbers, he gets his powder and match, and the work of destruction is sure and swift.

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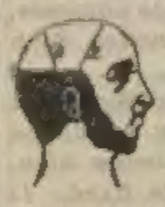

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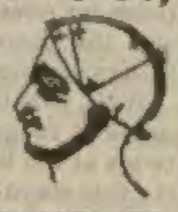

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1, The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream,** to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 28, '83. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

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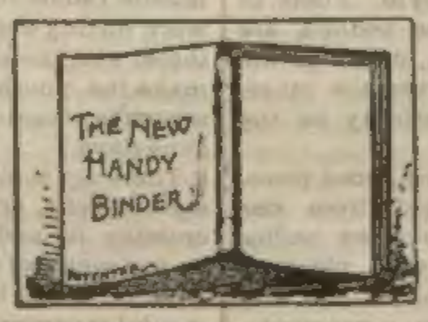

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This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Novelty may be said to end, when the sales begin. All the efforts for originality and individual effect seem to pause, and the busy brains that planned them, rest for a time.

It is the first intimation that the season is on the wane, that the days of new clothes are drawing to a close, for most women; and that the pretty things which fashion made so costly, early in the summer, may now be had at half price.

Dress has been extremely picturesque this year, and at present, the reign of cottons and cambrics, foulards, and printed de laines, is in full swing.

A great many of them are trimmed with the deep pointed guipure, that is now popular, and one style is to arrange a band of it round the waist, with the points upwards.

To a small waist, this is very becoming. The trimming points upwards also from the wrists.

Another way is to place it round the throat and waist, with the points downwards, those at the waist resting around the hips.

It is also carried up the fronts of bodices, coming from the side seams, quite under the arms, with the points forming a waistcoat. Blue linen gowns, for seaside and country wear, are much trimmed in this style.

Many skirts of cotton gowns, are made simply, in the household style. Folds of the gown material, on some bodices, are brought from each shoulder, down to the waist, one being crossed over the other, and fastened on one side, usually on the left.

Sometimes there is only one broad piece, in small, flat folds, brought from one shoulder to the opposite side of the bodice basque, while a tapering vest piece of white muslin, crepe de Chine or soft silk edged on one side with fancy passementerie fits into the front of the throat band, and finishes off the front. This is smart looking and the vest can be varied at will.

Some of the navy blue serge and cambric gowns for autumn wear, are prettily made, with full vests, and panels of white de laine, flanked by wide bands of crimson; the cuffs being carried out to correspond. The three colors look well together.

Other blue serge costumes open over white de laine skirts, in folds, or braided with navy blue braid, the upper gown of the navy blue, being cut up the sides, as well as open in the front and up the back, revealing the white petticoat all round when the wearer moves.

Colored alpaca, and cotton rep underpetticoats, trimmed with coarse, washing lace, are much worn under light gowns. They are generally made at home.

For travelling, dust-colored alpaca, with one pleated flounce is used. The more elaborate petticoats are of lace, with "baby" ribbon run in and out of the flounces.

There has been a wonderful fancy for this "baby" ribbon this season, and it has figured largely in dressmaking, under-linen and millinery.

White cambric petticoats, with Torchon lace insertion and edging, have perpendicular or slanting tucking up to the knee.

At all the recent grand entertainments the loveliest pale silk petticoats, flounced, or trimmed with delicate lace, have been worn by the *elegantes*, some of them being as costly as an ordinary gown.

Shot grenadine dresses, mounted on shot silk foundations, and trimmed with velvet, are fashionable and well worn. The velvet, about 3 inches wide, is occasionally laid on, in front, near the edge of the skirt, or else it falls in long straight ends, down the side. Green has been particularly popular.

A somewhat novel arrangement for a ball-gown, is brown tulle, draped over pale pink silk.

The skirt is plain, with a ruche of pink, in front, often surmounted by a band of deep vandyked gold passementerie; with the drapery of brown tulle, falling long, plain in front, but full at the back.

The original fashion of having the seams on the outside of the bodice, bound with colored ribbon, is one of the novelties of this season.

A gown of white silk, with pink design over it, would have its seams bound with pink, narrow ribbon; and one with green design would have green ribbon, and so on. By-and-by, narrow velvet will be employed, and so brought back into fashion again.

The smart little Sultane jackets, scarcely reaching below the shoulder blades, are only to be seen on the best-dressed women at present, and are of rich material, beautifully embroidered and edged in real Turkish fashion.

One in gray velvet, embroidered and trimmed with gold, was worn over a full bodice of soft white silk, with a skirt of white silk, trimmed in a most uncommon way, with gold and gray embroidery; a sash of gray velvet and gold tasselled ends.

Some of the evening sashes have flowers lightly tacked to them. In the daytime sashes are now worn at one side, and sometimes almost in front, falling over one knee.

The Four-in-Hand Capes are becoming very popular. They are in white, red, fawn and other colored cloth, with turned over or upright collars of either velvet or embroidery, tied with ribbon.

They have three, or at most, four deep capes, and only reach to the waist. They are worn at theatres as well as for driving.

Many of the new dust cloaks are almost tight-fitting, with long, crimped, open sleeves. White alpaca trimmed with gold forms many of the smart ones.

Short mantles of white cashmere with gold silk linings, gold embroidery and wide ribbon throat strings, are greatly worn by young girls at evening entertainments. Pink is also used for trimming, and so is white.

Little old-fashioned looking mantles, with long ends and a frill all round, of muslin (some lined with silk), have been worn during the recent hot weather, and these, with the large, fanciful hats, by day, make the youthful wearer a true representative of many a pictured belle of bygone days.

There are some pretty gowns of a new style of voile, or nun's veiling, with lines crossing it, and forming large squares. In the centre of each square is a design in a darker shade looking like a large ornamental monogram.

There are three colors—a cream ground, with soft gray lines, forming the square, and a rather darker shade, the monogram; a bright red, with lines and designs, in a dark shade; and a navy-blue, with red crossings and monogram.

The cream is the coolest and most delicate looking, but the red and the navy-blue are the most stylish.

The skirts are gracefully draped in a few soft falling folds, while the bodices are arranged with considerable taste, each one being varied according to the style of figure it is intended to fit. Some have white waistcoats, with the folds of one side of the bodice drawn half-way across, coming from the waist up to one shoulder.

For table decorations, white flowers have been much in request, during the hot weather, quantities of them being arranged round small and large blocks of ice, looking and feeling delightfully cool.

"White dinner tables," as the florists enter them in their order books, with white lamp and candle shades, white china and cut glass, with no color anywhere, have been quite a fashion, though a touch or two of color, such as a few red roses tossed about the table, are frequently added, as some people think all white unlucky unless a bit of color peeps out somewhere.

Then green and white tables, pink or red tables, and lastly mauve ones, the latter carried out in irises, have been most fashionable. The former were all in maidenhair and grass, the others all in roses. At one dinner party recently 200 roses lay scattered over the table.

Odds and Ends

TO BE SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

Surely there is no pleasanter way of spending an hour of an afternoon during the season than taking a walk to look at the shops.

There is all the pleasure of seeing the prettiest knicknacks, some really good pictures and etchings, valuable Japanese curios, charming bonnets, stylish costumes, handsome wall decorations, dainty fans and splendid jewels without the trouble of going within doors and being asked to buy just what one does not want.

It is a thousand times pleasanter than an exhibition, because one does not get hustled about in a crush and has to endure a heated atmosphere and breathe pecks of dust.

But the shops never engross our attention to such an extent that we forget to have a look at the pedestrians who have donned their season's costumes, and the carriages in which are seated their more fortunate sisters.

The new silver-gray leather articles for the writing table are far more elegant than those of red leather which had such a long run.

Silver-gray is a favorite color for everything—for dresses, for writing paper, for purses, card cases, &c. They are greatly improved by the addition of openwork silver corners, the mounting giving them a smart, bright appearance.

A lovely photograph frame attracted our attention. It was composed of a piece of tortoiseshell, unmounted.

In the upper corner on the right side an oval glass, framed in silver, was set; this opened like the back of a locket, and the photo or ivory miniature could be placed within.

At the lower left-hand corner of the tortoiseshell was placed a silver true-lovers' knot, which formed a holder for a spray of flowers.

The latest thing in palm stands is bamboo, arranged in rustic style and enamelled pale primrose. They can be draped with Liberty silk squares, or used plain with china pot for palm. The more lightly and fancifully the bamboo is arranged the better.

In the same way fire screens, small table flower stands and easels are prepared. These are draped in a variety of ways with squares in Indian silk of contrasting colors, such as salmon pink and eau de Nil, or salmon and gold.

They are gathered up in one part with narrow double beading slipped over the top of one of the bamboo sticks and sewn on firmly; the remaining portion is draped artistically across the framework.

The flower stands are fitted with tins in the shape of a garden pot or cornucopia. They are suitable for cut flowers or small growing ferns.

Metallized bamboo is also popular. It resembles silver and bronze. Sometimes both metals are employed on a stand, but generally only one.

For fire-screens the metallized bamboo makes a charming framework. Any kind of panels can be used, and these ladies can [illegible]

Cathedral glass painted with floral sprays; Vernis-Martin panels, with Watteau subjects painted on them; or embroidered satin panels with frillings of silk on either side, are all pleasing, provided the decoration is well executed. Drapings of silk artfully arranged make such screens most attractive.

A spruce little conceit for the boudoir or toilet table is in the form of a bird's nest. A description of it may be useful, as just now ladies are busy preparing fancy articles for *fetes* held for charitable purposes, and the more tasteful and novel such things are the sooner they sell.

Well, first there is a little rustic stand made of twigs, dark brown in color; the twigs at the back are about 9 inches high. On this stand the bird's nest is fixed. It could be made on a wire frame.

The outside is composed of feathery-looking moss, such as would be used for millinery purposes.

Studded all over the moss are tiny pink flowers; these are artificial, made in sprays, not single flowers, and carelessly arranged on the soft green background.

The inside, which is not larger than the palm of one's hand, is lined with pink satin, forming a wee receptacle into which a lady can throw her trinkets.

We noticed that square cushions are now made of brocaded silk squares, apparently of Indian manufacture. They are richer looking than the plain silks so generally admired.

Most beautiful in design are some candelabra. The beautiful forms of flowers and foliage have been adapted with true artistic feeling to the decoration of candelabra, lamps, brackets, sconces, and many other articles for the home.

The decoration is marvellously simple, yet most effective; and while it cannot fail to attract us, we never lose sight of the article it but serves to make more comely.

A simple fan for a young lady is composed of tulle to match, or contrast, with costume. It is made on a wire frame, and does not close.

The tulle is box pleated, the falling being arranged so as to form a heading at the top of the fan leaf. Over the tulle moire ribbon is laid, reaching from top to bottom of the fan leaf, and each ribbon finishes off just below the tulle heading with a small bow.

The handle can be of tortoiseshell or ivory, and at the left side of the fan a spray of flowers can be placed.

The shamrock is wonderfully favored at present. As brooches and pins it is as well worn as the violet and the pansy. These are made of green enamel with diamond centre.

Confidential Correspondents.

E.—"Cynthia" was a surname of Dina, the goddess of the moon.

READER.—The idea that somebody wants to buy a million canceled postage stamps is wholly imaginary.

E. L. A.—It is not usual to shake hands on being introduced to a stranger; but it is difficult to lay down an exact rule.

DOWN.—As the footpath has been in common use for many years, it is highly improbable that it could now be closed. In the event of the landlord of the adjacent lands trying to close it, all those interested should join together to take legal action against him.

A. C.—To prevent chilblains in those who are somewhat predisposed to have them, the best plan is to bathe the feet regularly every morning in cold water and afterwards rub them well with a rough towel; in the case of the aged, tepid or salt water should be used.

BETSY.—A woman who really loves the man to whom she is betrothed would not ask another person if she should forgive him when he has sued for pardon. If you do not care for him at all, write at once and tell him you accept his apology. If he still feels affection for you he will answer your letter in person.

DESPERANDUM.—There is a small instrument usually combined with a fine file for pressing down the skin from the nails. But the simplest way of pushing it down, is to do so with a damp towel whenever you wash your hands. This ought to be enough, and after a little time and patience you would find it answer very well.

ETIQUETTE.—"When a gentleman is introduced to a lady, is it proper for her to offer her hand first, or is it the gentleman's place to do so?"—It is proper for the lady to take the initative if the hand be advanced at all. Generally—especially when a gentleman is introduced to several ladies in succession—the ceremony of handshaking is dispensed with.

CAMP.—The military custom of saluting by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the eyebrows is said to date back to the tournaments of the Middle Ages, when, after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed shielded their eyes from the rays of beauty.

PASSION-FLOWER. — Oatmeal-water is about one of the best; take some oatmeal, such as you make porridge with, and boil it in water for an hour; then strain, and use the liquid to wash with night and morning; this will both soften and whiten the skin; if an equal quantity of starch be added to the oatmeal, the whitening effects of the wash will be much increased; the lotion must be made freshly every day, as it soon becomes sour, and consequently smells unpleasantly.

NEMUS—The lines—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceedingly small,
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all,"

are by Frederick von Logau, translated by Longfellow; the name of the poem being "Retribution." The meaning seems to be clear, i. e., that very small and insignificant actions have their effect, and their retribution or their reward.

QUOTER.—Tobias Hobson was the first man to let out hackney horses. It appears that he was a very eccentric old gentleman, and when a customer came for a horse, he was taken to the stable, where there was a good choice, but was forced by Hobson to take the animal next to the stable door. By this method everybody was equally well served according to his turn; and it became a proverb, when anything was forced upon you when it ought to have been your choice, to say, "Hobson's choice."

CAROLAN.—You are evidently a bitter, disappointed man, and you have allowed yourself to drift into a condition of disgust at the meanness and malice which you see round you. You fall into the error of expecting too much; and, in a lesser way and with lesser force, you rage and despair instead of being satisfied to advance by infinitesimal degrees. If a keen man persists in looking only at meanness and wickedness, then, if he has a logical mind, he may come to think, like Frederick the Great, that the human race are a vile brood who should be struck out of existence by one fell blow. Again, we say you can save yourself mental misery only by refusing to expect too much from your fellow-creatures.

PEN.—(1) Seaweed that is intended for mounting in a book or placing in a portfolio is dried in the following manner: Let the specimen selected rest in the open air for some hours after being gathered, to improve its color, which will change from brown to pink. Put in fresh clear water in a saucer or plate, and float the weed in it, with a sheet of white paper underneath it. Then with a needle lay out all the filaments upon the paper in the shape of a fan. Next place the seaweed as it lies between sheets of blotting paper, and press it to remove the moisture. If the seaweed is allowed to dry with the paper, it will adhere to it. When dry, take off the seaweed, which can be damped and placed upon another piece of paper, and fastened down simply by means of pressure or with gum. (2) Maidenhair and other ferns may be dried by placing the fronds between sheets of blotting paper and pressing with a heavy weight until all the moisture has been removed.

GAMBRINUS.—The origin of people toasting each other when drinking liquors is not known. A fair solution of the question may be found in the libations which the Greeks and Romans poured out to the gods. Sometimes the libations were poured out to Mother Earth, and it is curious that to this day the rustics in England and elsewhere, before quaffing from a small tankard, are accustomed to spill a small portion upon the ground. Sometimes the libations were poured out in honor of the Lares, or household gods. Wine was sprinkled on the floor or table before the entrance of the first course, failing which observance the guests could not expect digestion to wait on appetite, or health to accompany either. Our grace before meat is a survival of this practice. "Health" or salutation to the gods, was performed in another fashion, at sacrifice. The officiating priest, before the victim was slain, poured a cupful of wine between its horns, but previous to doing this he saluted the deity, put the patera reverently to his lips, barely tasting the contents, and then handed the cup to his fellows, who went through a similar ceremony. The stirrup cup and loving cup familiar to all are obvious modifications of this custom.